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LETTERS TO ELLA.

NUMBER EIGHT.

AN OFFER.

SOMETIMES it shall happen that divers sugars and liquids are put in a bowl, and eggs added : into this mixture is inserted a small shaft, or cylinder-shaped piece of timber, decorated at its nether extremity with thin pieces of similar wood, crossing each other, and projecting from the shaft to the four cardinal points. The upper end of the shaft being placed between the palms of one's hands, and one hand moved in one direction while the other hand moves in the opposite direction, and so alternately back and forth, the shaft is made to whirl ; and the lower extremity, with its projections among eggs, sugars, and liquids, in the bowl, creates there an especial commotion. In a short time, not one of the West-India Islands, no, not even King Soulouque himself, shall be able to say, 'This is my sugar, and that is your sugar : ' neither hen, goose, turkey, nor Shanghai shall be able to say, 'This is the egg which I laid ; ' nor shall any worm of distillery whatsoever recognize the liquid which made the long journey of its entrails. Behold a smooth, yellow compound, not free from exaggeration and froth, relishing and nutritious to the palate of carnal and unregenerate man, toward which the Anglo-Saxon race separates its lips and yearns.

Something such a shaft has been sunk and twirled among my faculties and sentiments, until it has become uncertain which part of me is really myself, and which part some body else. I am sentimentally stirred up, fused, and covered with light froth. My heart is figuratively and typically in the likeness of a bowl of egg-nog.

A letter has been received from Rachel, our friend Rachel, in which, among other things, she rehearsed some particulars of an entertainment or tea-party, given by the young misses, your school-mates and yourself, to the committees, trustees, and friends of the school, at the close of the term ; how the honor had fallen to you of presiding over the occasion ;

with how much care and unselfishness you forecast the arrangements to give your companions agreeable opportunities to be seen and known ; keeping yourself only, as it were in the shade and back-ground ; with what unobtrusive simplicity and modesty you made the occasion pleasant to the guests, in such sort that they went away thinking they had hardly ever met a company of young persons so promising and full of good dispositions as the young misses of that school. What was there, Ella, in this little bit of honor and success on your part, to make one's father cry ? Perhaps he did not ; and yet, I shall confess that smaller tokens of your good promise, ere now have caused the tides to rise, and in some solitary moment to overflow, in a manner quite womanly and ridiculous.

From Rachel's letter I infer that you have almost touched the line of beauty, and that you may hope for success as an artist. The field of art is ample. Painting and sculpture produce shapes and colors, with careful endeavor to represent their subjects in the most pleasing manner of which they are susceptible. Inanimate stone and canvas remain for ever. The perfectness of the idea embodied, of whatever sort, outlives generations and ages ; but, at the best, it only awakens emotion, feeling none. By how much is character the better material to work upon ! The true genius shall discover in every mind and soul, as in face or stature, a configuration more pleasing than any other, which at once resembles and exalts the original. Then the consciousness of possibility to be seen thus ennobled, invites the inward motions and growth of the spirit to dress up to the picture, and verify its attitude and expression. You shall live to a ripe old age, and never at any time be able to confer on any human being so great a benefaction, or win so much love and gratitude in any other way, as to bestow the consciousness of being seen and known thus favorably. So shall you draw ever toward yourself the sweet aspects of life. But in order to see the subjects in the right mood, the artist must be capable of suggesting the impulse sought, as deftly as of catching the response ; and so, character will act and react, virtue beget virtue, and deep call unto deep. Not like stone or canvas will your work remain ever the same, an exalted resemblance ; but the subject will work upward and over-pass the seeming likeness, and beam with a glow and exaltation all its own.

The only authentic hand-book of this species of art is the NEW TESTAMENT ; and its great teacher and exemplar whose biography is there given, the NAZARENE. See with what rugged stroke HE hewed away the superfluous rock from His ideal ! ' If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out.' Yet did HE so touch and open the sluices of the heart to the nobleness of its capacity, the grandeur of its possibilities, that men, however sordid and besotted, forgot their grossness. Doors of welcome flew open before HIM, and arms sprung apart to embrace His coming. The hidden susceptibilities of feeling were stirred, and opened for evermore ; and souls were seen to go upon their courses, shining in the same eternal glory which lights up the stars and holds them to their orbit. Study the life and maxims of the GREAT MASTER. He did not create truth, but only exemplified it. See how infallibly HE appealed to the germ, the similitude of God in man : ' I am the light and the truth ; follow ME.' Fishermen, publi-

cans, usurers, and all manner of low and despised persons, seeing themselves appealed to as persons who could love the light and the truth, straightway revolted with loathing from their baseness, and wrought up to the ideal HE set before them. See with what calm resolve HE refused to win friends and followers, except by setting before them light and truth. How HE forgot HIMSELF in seeking to confer happiness upon others : how HE comforted the sorrowful, healed the sick, and enriched the forsaken with HIS sympathies. HE wrote HIS history only in the hearts of men ; yet eighteen hundred years have fled ; the memory of kings and philosophers has perished ; but HIS life and character stand before us fresh as if they were of yesterday. The great pulse of the generations beats in response to HIS call more stoutly as the procession of the ages passes on. I repeat : HE created no new laws of mind or feeling, but only revealed those which before existed, and do now exist. So, my daughter, let the touch of your character upon other characters be firm, unselfish, gentle ; flowing with sweetness and purity. Let your life be an appeal to the highest capabilities of other lives, and then shall you be an artist indeed, whose works shall be honored, and flow back upon you with fragrant memories, in all rich streams of love and hallowed affections.

Friend Rachel's letter, after giving an account of your entertainment, related in much the same way as your letter did, her invitation, and your acceptance of it, to spend the vacation at her house ; but it also mentioned a circumstance which you forgot to state, and that was, the hovering round that neighborhood of a certain Mr. Miles Standish ; how he arranged bouquets for your father's daughter, and stuck rose-buds in her hair. Her letter also related other some facts which I dare say you did not know, but which I tell you in order that there may be no reserve between us ; how the said Miles Standish aforesaid then and there became absent-minded, addicted himself to solitary walks, wrote verses, and behaved absurdly. Rachel says she met him one day, walking back and forth, his head thrown a little forward, in a reverie, his hands clasped behind him under the skirts of his coat. She placed her hand upon his shoulder in a motherly way, and said :

' Miles ! '

He looked up with a degree of confusion and embarrassment. For a moment her eye rested full upon his, and then she repeated :

' Miles ! '

Her look was doubtless searching and motherly, for he made no answer. She fixed her gaze upon him, and held his eye fast to hers. I seem to see how she did it. Then, after another pause, she said :

' Miles, I cannot permit it : it will not do at all. '

He made a hesitating and feeble show of doubt, as if he did not know to what she referred. She said :

' Miles ! It positively cannot be permitted. Thee must rally thy faculties and be a man. Ella has yet time to spend in school ; and then she must see the world without embarrassing committals. If thee could, thee ought not to deprive her of that privilege. Thee has only education, the sensibilities without the fortune of a gentleman. Thee has yet to try thy success in thy profession ; and I wish thee had a profession

which would not require thee to plead for the wrong as well as the right. But when thee shall have obtained a footing in thy vocation, when thy character and tastes shall become settled, and it shall be seen that thee is to be of some use in the world, then thee might hope for the brightest girl thee could find : but not now, Miles, not now !

‘I had not thought,’ said Miles, ‘to be laid under obligations for so much frankness ;’ and he turned, with some spirit, to leave her, but his motion was arrested by another flow of that motherly voice :

‘Miles !’

‘What shall I do ? what shall I say ?’ replied Miles, with impatience.

‘Do nothing, say nothing, in anger, Miles ! Thee would not in that case do thyself justice, and would requite me badly. Ella is now under my roof, and while she is there, I am to her in the place of a mother. But if I had a son, I would wish him warned as I warn thee. No, Miles, say nothing in anger. But if thee can imagine what thee would say to thy mother, thee may say it to me, and welcome.’

‘I would say,’ replied Miles, ‘that I had found an unexpected bar to all courage and motive to exert myself. If I cannot speak to Ella, and tell her my thoughts ; if I cannot hope that she will share her thoughts with me, I might as well extinguish life itself, and cease to think and feel ; for all thought and feeling would be stagnation. If my feelings could have their course, they would fill their deep channel, and move on like a flood : my mind would be borne with them, and partake of their power. I could put forth the strength of Samson ; I could hew out a destiny for her and for myself. Yes, I would be a giant, and from cold obstruction I would wrench popularity and fortune, and lay them at her feet. But if this dream is to be dispelled ; if this tall hope is to be laid low, then I am nothing but a driveller. I will pull up the roots of my last chance for manhood, and wander I care not whither.’

He was interrupted by Rachel’s mild and monitory voice, saying :

‘Miles !’

‘Mother, have I said too much ?’

‘Miles, I did not think it had gone so far with thee. I looked upon it as a passing fancy. But does thee remember her youth, and would thee overcast its brightness prematurely with cares and anxiety ? Thee talks of being a giant ; but does thee know that strength without opportunity avails nothing ? Does thee remember the slow ascent of professional success, how courage and patience are only not worn out by deferred hope, and how triumph comes at last, if it comes at all, when the sensibilities are blunted to its approach ? Does thee know the silent tortures of a high heart struggling to lift itself from the depths of obscurity, but able to clutch only straws ? And would thee invite our dear Ella, young, happy Ella, into such a struggle, and call thy feeling *love* ? Beware, Miles, of thy manhood.’

‘Mother ! I have known all these things, not now only, but from my youth up. Have I not wandered up and down lighted streets of a Christmas eve, and caught the sights and sounds of rejoicing, saying to myself, Where for *me* is there any Christmas welcome or Christmas

cheer? I have had a few friends whose constancy shone like fixed stars in my firmament: but for these my life had been solitary. Have I not felt the enjoyments of wealth and the endearments of kindred creep by me upon the tides of life like the sounds of distant music? Have I not felt the stings of unfeeling arrogance, and seen the assumptions of pampered dulness? Forgive me, mother: it is not vanity. I feel that I *can* cope with the world. I know that I have that within me which shall return blows for buffets. I am not weak. I shall grapple with a fierce hug, and obstacles must yield. Never have discouragements so darkened my horizon but that I could see victory shining in the distance. When all else failed me, and my very blood seemed turning to ooze and mud, away in the distance, over bogs and mountains, victory has beckoned with never-failing smiles. I know what that victory is to cost, but I shall win it.'

'Miles,' interrupted Friend Rachel, 'thee has a brave heart, somewhat too fierce and eager. I would that the spirit of divine peace might soften and subdue it: then would thy prospects be not less sure but thy figures of speech less warlike. Go first and win thy victory, and then come back and talk of love. I trust thee will meet thy MAKER'S approbation, and all will be well with thee. I think thee may become an oak; thee is yet but an acorn.'

'Did you not say,' replied Miles, 'that I might call you mother?'

'Yes, I said so,' was the answer.

'Mother, I need help. I have been wandering through a dreary wilderness, and am sick at heart. Varieties of weather have beat upon me, unprotected. I am worn and weary. I have health and courage, but I need help. I have stumbled as it were upon a little flower, blooming in the midst of waste and vacancy. It has no strength of its own, but its purity and fragrance infuse themselves through my whole system, and fill me with new life. With that flower upon my bosom I would be as the Son of the Morning. I do not seek in haste to pluck it. I can wait. But I wish to drink in a little repose by gazing upon it; and you bid me move on. You tell me to come back after it has been plucked by other hands, or the frosts have nipped it. Mother, this is the crisis of my fate. I am a full man's stature, or I am nothing. There is in Ella the complement of my spiritual existence. When with her I am as whole as God made the world; without her is never any rest or hope. I must tell her this, and tell her that I shall bide my time. One year hence, two years, ten years, all the same to me. I shall wait for her. I will ask no promise, no committal from her; but when I have told her all, then I can pass on with a free heart, and feel like a soldier armed for battle, and I *shall* tell her.'

'Miles!'

'I hear you.'

'Thee talks unwisely. Thee has more vehemence than delicacy. Thee shall tell her nothing of the kind, while she is under my roof. Thee forgets that the child could not after such a declaration from thee be free and whole as she was before. Either she would be moved by thy persuasion to an impulsive response, which would bind her to think of thee; or her peace would be wounded by an apprehension of thy

unhappiness. Unless thee will promise to say nothing, hint nothing of all this to her, I will warn her of thee as of a serpent, and thee shall see her no more. Miles, what is thy choice ?'

'I — promise !'

'And I rely upon thy promise, my son.'

'Rachel !'

'Why not call me mother ?'

'It is time for me to have done with illusions. They cause expenditure of feelings, and mine have been too much drained already. These people and these places that have seen me shall see me no more. I will help to track the whale in his pastures. I will visit the Cannibal Islands. This free country, with its civilization, where all men are born equals, is no place for a poor man, unless he were as impervious to feeling as a sponge. Especially if he be educated, and carry his face upward, the look-out at the mast-head of conservatism cries, 'Here she blows ; there she blows !' and even the women seize their harpoons and pierce him. For years have I been striving among icebergs to find a North-west passage leading to some open sea where my little bark might rest ; but frozen and starved, I abandon the pursuit. My only trophies are a few dry bones. Good-by, Madam.'

'Miles ! will thee answer me one question — only one ?'

'Say on.'

'Is it customary for whales, the moment they are pricked with harpoon, to stop and deliver their blubber ?'

'You wrong me : I am not blubbering. I ask no favors. Fate is against me, and I wage war upon fate. I offered a truce. I did not and will not cry for quarter.'

'I see,' said Rachel. 'There is a kind of warrior, that, before battle, inflates himself with bellowing, tears up the earth, and scatters much dirt, chiefly — on himself. He is thy ideal.'

'Rachel !' said Miles, 'I did not look for such cruel taunts, from your peaceful countenance and affected simplicity ; but why not ? Such are the bounties bestowed by the world upon free spirits. You are only like the rest, smooth and without mercy.'

'Miles ! I have seen more years than thee has. Thy tone of conversation tells me thee reads Byron and Shelley, and admires them. Am I right ?' inquired Rachel.

'I do, of course. They were men of genius. They set society and the world at defiance, and made war upon cant. I admire their courage, and I share their martyrdom,' said Miles.

'Yet,' said Rachel, 'it seems to me, thee has chosen for thy favorites two arrant and miserable cowards and drivellers. They disregarded those principles which society has found to be its only safe-guards, and trampled under foot its holiest observances. When society, in self-defence, turned upon them, they raised a piteous and cowardly cry of persecution. The wounds they inflicted were stealthy, but vital : a moderate share of manhood would have dictated that they should bear their punishment in silence : instead of this, they made the literature of their day vocal with cowardly complaints. They prostituted genius and the noble art of poetry, to make their poltroonery immortal.'

'May I beg to know,' asked Miles, with an air of wounded pride, 'why I have the honor to listen to these views on this subject; why you confer on me a pleasure so unexpected and unsought?'

'For shame, Miles!' retorted Rachel. 'With all thy fancied wisdom, thee is but a boy. Thee has partaken of my bread and salt. Had I loved thee less, I had said less. Thee seeks to bind to thy untried fortunes a child whom thee should scorn to entrap; to defy every rule of prudence which can be counted upon as affording a plausible guarantee of safety and happiness. Because thee finds obstacles to thy devouring self-love, thee rails at society, and smites thy friends. Thee thinks thyself a lad of spirit, to cast about thee at random bitter and complaining words. Thee is a soldier, armed for battle. Thee is a navigator of tempestuous seas. Thee is a whale, whom society discovers from its mast-head. My regards for thee, Miles, are kind and of a verity, but if thee will have warlike comparisons, thee should liken thyself to Falstaff and his men in buckram. If thee does not harpoon thyself, none will harpoon thee. If thee would render it possible, I would befriend thee. I would advise and comfort thee.'

'Perhaps,' said Miles, 'I am wrong. I own I have been rude, and I beg you to pardon it. But I was in a pleasant dream. I seemed to have ended my forty years' wandering in the wilderness. I was on the top of Pisgah, looking along the sweet valley of Jordan, and over into the fruitful land beyond. The fulfilment of my desire seemed about to make my face to shine, as the face of Moses, when he came down from Horeb. But you dashed ——'

'Thee is now likening thyself to Moses: was thee at any time the great Iguanodon?' asked Rachel.

'Oh! I beg you mercy,' exclaimed Miles: 'I see now what I have been. I have been a ninny and a fool. Do, mother, forget my inexcusable and ridiculous extravagance. Did I wound you? did I ——'

'Thee shot poisoned arrows, Miles, but I cannot flatter thy aim: they went wide, and left me whole. Nor is thee so very much to blame. Thy faculties were inflamed, and it may be that I was too hard upon thee. Thee went up in a balloon which has collapsed. Now thee is once more on earth, shall we consult what is to be done with thee? Doubtless thee has fared less daintily than some others; but the GREAT MASTER has uses for minds trained in the rigors of penury. Seldom HE honors those born to tread upon flowers with His highest commissions. HE makes not them the advocates of great causes, nor are they rugged to uphold the truth. Whom HE loveth HE chasteneth. Fatigues and self-denials may be the foreshadowing that HE has chosen thee for great duties. The Great Emperor did not bestow upon ease and sloth the star of the Legion of Honor. Our GREAT MASTER is greater and more just, and HE too hath His star of the Legion of Honor.'

'Now, mother!' exclaimed Miles, 'you speak to me like the sound of a trumpet. My blood mounts and cries: 'Ho! for the star of the Legion of Honor!'

'Softly, my son! If HE chasteneth the minds of His chosen to endurance and victory, he also tougheneth the stupid. Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him.'

'What, then, is your advice, and where does this lead me?' Miles inquired, with new perplexity.

'It is this, my son. Meet thy fate modestly and serenely, holding even course between extravagant hope and despair. Be to Ella a true friend and a brother. In fulness of time it might happen that thee shall be decorated with a nearer regard, and be as thee says, the Son of the Morning. I shall write her father all that has taken place. If thee persists in thy wishes, I will give thee a letter of introduction to him, and leave the matter to him and thyself.'

'Is he haughty? Is he scornful?' inquired the young man.

'Is this the warrior?' replied Rachel pleasantly. 'Is this the hardy navigator? Is this the whale? Is this Moses? Is this the candidate for the star of the Legion of Honor?'

To this point, my daughter, did Rachel write me with a most obliging particularity. I repeat it all to you, because it concerns you, and will do you no harm. If there be danger in it, and I doubt there may be, that danger would not be lessened by concealment. My trust is in the FATHER of us all, and in the delicate perceptions of your womanly nature.

Having ended her faithful narrative of affairs relating to my daughter, she made known her great sorrow for the irregular courses of her sister's son. He had fallen into bad company, lost his employment, and wandered away, without the courage to write to his mother. It was reported that he was in the West, and she earnestly requested my friendly assistance to find and reclaim him. She entertains the same notions of the West that are common to people who have not been this side of the Alleghanies. She understands geographically, the number of States and cities and the distances, but her habitual notion is, that the West is a place or a neighborhood. Because her nephew is in the West, she hopes I will be able to find him. And glad I am it happens that I can gratify her; for the young man whose leg was broken, and who is now at Elwood Nathan's, is the nephew. I commission you to convey to her the agreeable news that he is found, and among friends.

But I have not completed my letter. The above paragraph was on the point of being finished, when I was interrupted by the door-bell — 'Ching-a-ling, a-ling, ling-ling!'

Who should be shown in but Mr. Miles Standish himself, bearing a letter of introduction from Rachel, commending 'the youth' to my friendly regards.

There stood before me a young man, the lines of whose countenance were sufficiently marked for a man of forty years; but from other appearances I should say his age might be anywhere from twenty to twenty-five. His head was covered with a shock of straight hair of a glossy black color, so thick and ample in growth that there was a strong tendency for masses of it to over-lap other masses, and lie in disorder. His eyes were of a dull, heavy black in repose, but such as suggest the possibility of being kindled to a flame and brightness almost weird. The general cast of features did not suggest deformity or extreme irregularity, but was marked, angular, and decisive. His upper lip, chin, and neck, had no commodity of beard, and were held in close subjection to

the razor. His cravat was a plain black silk, tied in a hard knot. His coat was a plain black broad-cloth ; his vest a plain black satin ; his pants were black doe-skin cassimere ; his boots a fair compromise between light and heavy : his watch-guard was a piece of black cord. The whole appearance was of an unsubdued newness of costume, each article of which stated, as plainly as if it carried a tongue to talk with, that its cost, and its probable wear, had been considered, measured, computed, both positively and relatively, as compared with other fabrics of similar expense. Each garment seemed to say : ' Would you have me for business ? I'm the thing to look well. Would you have me for a funeral ? I'm of that color. Would you have me for a wedding ? I'm entirely genteel, or at least respectable. Would you have me for hot weather, cold weather, dry weather, wet weather ? I am not out of place for either. Moreover, you shall see me, if well brushed and sponged, six months hence, nine months, twelve months, so long as my texture will hold together, still looking respectable.'

Mr. Standish's figure stood good six feet in boots. When he handed me his letter of introduction, it was done in a manner not timid, nor yet easy or assured. It expressed no confidence in me or in himself, and was equally compatible with an expectation of making his escape through a window, of sitting with calm endurance under the infliction of some mental torture, or of holding an interview upon indifferent topics. When I asked him to be seated on the sofa while I read the letter, he sat down as if he would have done precisely the same had he been asked to sit on the end of a sharp stick. You may depend that he did not appear to great advantage ; but, to do him justice, there was something which was more favorable, and seemed to say that he was borne up by an inward compulsion and staunchness, a power in reserve for emergencies, which might probably enough, in the course of a lifetime, find development and scope. After glancing through the letter, I told him it would always afford me great pleasure to make the acquaintance of any one in whom Friend Rachel felt an interest.

Now, according to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief, I solemnly aver that when I said it I told a fib. On the contrary, it did not afford me the least little bit of pleasure in the world. I experienced about the same sensations of delight, one might expect to experience, on being told there was a thumb-nail growing on the end of his nose. If my countenance were as expressive as his, a picture of us two would be enough to give emphasis to a whole gallery of paintings.

HUMAN LIFE: A SIMILE.

SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring, then subsides to rest.

THUS MAN, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And having swelled a moment there,
Sinks in Eternity!

THOMAS MOORE.

L I N E S

INDITED UNDER THE INSPIRATION OF THE FELINE MUSE.

NOT YET SET TO MUSIC.

I.

STRANGE sounds one moonlit night came to my ear,
 While I lay tossing in a maudlin dream :
 I cannot tell like what of all things here,
 But themselves only,* to my thought they seem.

II.

Not like the groan and grumbling of the thunder ;
 Not like the squeaking voice of ancient maid :
 Nor spectral ' raps,' which leave us rapt in wonder :
 Not like the screaming of a serenade.

III.

Nor like the jargon of a cracked hand-organ ;
 Nor scream of saws, nor note of pigs and geese :
 Nor like the mythic shriek of murdered MORGAN,
 Nor lumbering wagon-wheels, unblest with grease.

IV.

Unlike caged creatures' howls and squeals and growls ;
 Unlike the ghostly moan of aged trees :
 Unlike the angry tones of frightened fowls ;
 The brat's shrill cry, or crone's asthmatic wheeze.

V.

It was a dissonant and dismal yawling,
 Telling of whole dire Iliads of woes,
 Hideous as fiend-yells — very caterwauling :
 How with grim thoughts of vengeance up I rose.

VI.

Up rose my window too, and from it whirling
 Forth went a cudgel through the mid-night air ;
 The sounds subsided not : I kept on hurling
 Big sticks of fire-wood at the prowlers there.

VII.

Then to my dozing chum most loudly called I,
 In sad despair at my own impotence :
 ' Cats! cats! cats! cats!' with lusty out-cry bawled I,
 For sleep had dulled his every nerve and sense.

VIII.

Some vigorous punches at his ribs ; out jumped he,
 Just as the demons pealed their parting wail ;
 His drowsy head against the bed-post bumped he,
 Then bolt he upright stood, with visage pale.

* '*Tantum sui stimilis.*' — TACITUS.

IX.

'Boot-jacks and Jews'-harps! JACOB! what's the matter?'
 He said. Now oaths by hurried hundreds come:
 Before his wrath my teeth began to chatter;
 I stammered faintly, 'C-c-a-a-ts!' and straight grew dumb.

X.

Then, with most scorching looks and muttered curses,
 And vengeful vows, he sank to rest again:
 The memory of them, as I write these verses,
 Curdles my blood, and chills my soul with pain.

XI.

I clomb in too, to mend my broken slumber,
 But tossing lay, all night, in sore unrest:
 Grimalkins, tabbies, catkins, without number,
 Frisked for a race-course on my aching breast.

Augusta, (Maine.)

The Wicked Young Doctor: and the Direful End that Him Befel.

'THEREIN a cankered, crabbed carle does dwell,
 That has no skill of court nor courtesie,
 Ne cares what men say of him ill or well:
 For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,
 Yet has full large to live and spend at libertie.'

THE dread and terror of the village, a reproach and a by-word in the mouths of the whole country round, old Giles Grimsby lurked in his den, far away from every human dwelling, under the dank, black shadows of the hemlock-swamp. Shunned and hated by all, haunted in a hundred boyish imaginations by baleful shapes of evil, and echoing in superstitious ears with sounds of unearthly ill, his ruinous hut stood close by the edge of that accursed wilderness: a narrow road-way worn by the unfrequent wheels of the lumber-trucks led by it; but seldom did any feet of human being go that way. The bold foresters occasionally, rifle on shoulder, would pass the spot on their way into the thicket, but the boldest of them, I ween, hushed his shrill whistle as he marched by, and there was less of the careless swing in his gait, and a less air of assured and proud security, and a glance around that betrayed something of an uneasiness of which the wearer was half-ashamed, and a softer tread, like one stepping on untried and forbidden ground. It was a dismal place to pass of a winter's morning: the ragged coats and the old hats stuffed through broken panes did not betoken much of ease or plenty within: you might have battered long at the stout old door without inviting other welcome than the fierce, snarling growl of old Satan the mastiff, or perchance a deep, surly curse from his master, if, indeed, his

deaf old ears should deign to hearken to your boisterous call. The crows kept such an endless cawing around the old hut as they hovered about its broken roof-tree — it fell in years ago, and the four walls are a black ruin now — that they passed in the village for the old man's familiars ; and indeed, if ever there was a living man who could find company in that heathenish rout, and sympathizingly listen to their croakings, that man was old Giles Grimsby. Sometimes of a cold morning there would steal up from the low mud-chimney a thin, blue streak of smoke, curling up above the black tops of the hemlocks : little other token was there of human life within these desolate, tumbling walls ; little other except the loud oaths and the sound of heavy blows that greeted the huntsman sometimes, mingled with the snarls of Satan, and black Noll's loud and piercing shrieks.

None ever cared to interfere personally in these pleasant domestic scenes : Noll and Satan and old Grimsby were left to maul and beat and tear and slash each other very much in what manner seemed good in the sight of their own eyes ; and old Noll, fifty years after, when your narrator could listen to his story, used to show a hideous white scar gashing his black face, half-severing his flat nose, and making a long seam beneath his eye, while on the other side his torn and ragged ear, and the deep dints in his cheek, gave good evidence of the fearful earnestness of old Satan's bite.

If you met old Grimsby limping slowly among the hammocks and charred stumps of his half-cleared, barren fields, little good you got from his gruff salutation, and old Satan dropped his raw under-lip, and, growling, held down his ragged head, leering side-ways at you from his blood-shot eyes, and stealthily watching you between his master's halting legs for a reasonable chance to fasten on your throat ; and if old Giles was in a particularly bad humor, it was a fair chance but you left behind you at least a fragment of your calf with the appertaining broad-cloth, to regale old Satan's spleen till a more fitting opportunity occurred. The boys of these times could tell many a moving story of their forays into this dread territory ; of the rich spoils of walnuts and plump chestnut-burrs sacrificed in the vain attempt to escape this savage Cerberus ; of long chases across the shaking morass, the old man hoarse with rage pouring forth his blasphemy from the firmer ground, and the deep bay of old Satan, leaping steadily and swift behind, in sure and terrible pursuit. The trembling ones that fell and were left in these unequal races, were sure to carry home with them tokens of the mastiff's tender remembrances ; and the marks left by old Grimsby's knotty cudgel were not soon effaced either from the backs or memories of these juvenile invaders of his quiet.

So the surly old cripple, his limbs knotted and gnarled, his back crouching under infirmity, and his wheezing ribs struggling convulsively for breath, lived out his miserable life unvisited by human beings. Unvisited save by one : a little black Canadian pony the woods-men often noted at dusk, tied by his bridle to a charred and splintered pine-tree stump that stood close under the shadow of that unfriendly roof. As the pony snorted and reared, and pawed with his vicious hoofs the withered sod around, he seemed to the woods-men a fit visitant for such a

spot; and on the nights when he stood uneasily there, a bright light would gleam out through the wide crevices in the ruined walls, and loud oaths and unearthly laughter, broken and mingled with low, growling curses, wheezed out between the intervals of a hoarse, hacking cough, and the muttered grumbings of Satan, with now and then short snatches from blasphemous drinking-songs roared out by two coarse, discordant voices, proclaimed unusual revels going on within. At such times there were few that cared to linger long in their road by the ill-omened hut; the very crows would be roused from their mid-night roost, and would flutter cawing and dismayed away, clustering in a frightened crowd under the scant branches of the cedars. But one man bolder than the rest, who listened once at dead of night close by the shattered window, over-heard in those low, grumbling tones, deep threats of murder and dark vengeance, and then they turned to snivelling, broken prayers for mercy, or tremulous accents of terror and despair; the more abject, the louder and more harsh the derisive laughter that greeted them, and the deeper the draughts of fiery spirits, and the sea-songs more bloody, and trolled with a more reckless and unmerciful glee. And the old wretch himself would join, breaking off from his cowardly supplications, and would belch down the hot rum into his withered carcase, and cough forth a cackling laugh at the chorus, and whine unseemly flattery, ogling in all his wrinkles admiration, while the dull, deep light of hatred burned red and insatiable in his blinking eyes.

At a scandalous hour, after one of these ungodly orgies, the hoofs of black Beelzebub, the wicked little pony, would clatter over the stones of the village street, and the good people he roused from their quiet slumbers followed his steps with no fervent blessing, and invoked no happy end for his misguided rider. And if there ever was a point in which unanimity prevailed in our village, it was with regard to the evil fate which, all agreed, awaited that unlucky practitioner. And it needed but one glimpse of Dr. Griffin's ill-favored features to convince the most skeptical of the justice of the village auguries. About his lank form, which would have been tall but for the stooping shoulders, whence hung dangling two long, bony arms, his garments clung with as much sympathy as the cast-off clothes upon a scare-crow: his great knobbed joints seemed to creak as he strode along: his hollow cheeks were pale and haggard, and the untrimmed, scattered beard that grew upon them, as well as the straggling black wisps of hair that fell over his narrow forehead, were left uncared to wander at their will. But withal, there was something strange that compelled your gaze, in the restless black eyes, small and far-hid beneath his shaggy low brows, which, when once they fixed upon you, seemed to look you through, while they baffled by their sudden changing every attempt you made to read them. It was something in the terrible, deep meaning of those eyes that extorted from old Giles Grimsby the sullen, grumbling deference he was used to accord to the only man whose company he craved; hating him, and muttering his malignant threats before his very face, you could sometimes see the blasphemous old churl cringe tremblingly before the young physician, and turning off his smothered curses with a hoarse, unkindly jest. Once there was something so devilish in the quick leer of

the young man's eye, as the two sat together in the forest-den, that the old man sprang up from the crazy chair in which he had been groaning and writhing in the torments of his rheumatism, and with a terrible oath dashed the potion he had just received from him, cup and all, into the chimney, and then fell back helpless in his chair, chattering and quivering, and shaking in every limb, with the great cold drops gathering in the deep channels on his brow. The doctor, old Noll says, roared out with a coarse laugh that made the rafters shake, and when his merriment had in some measure subsided, he prepared a draught from another vial, and old Grimsby lifting it to his lips, his red eyes shrinking away from the twinkling glance of his companion, drained it every drop, and slept that night a sweeter sleep than was often vouchsafed to the battered, worn-out old sinner.

When old Grimsby crouched doubled up with rheumatism in his leaky hut, or tossed wild with asthma on his miserable bed, or when any of the ailments which were ever afflicting his shattered old frame was sternest in its iron hold upon him, then Beelzebub would be seen shivering and snorting at his stand by the burnt pine-tree stump, and except by the boy Noll and Dr. Griffin, the stubborn old rebroate was left to groan and swear and toss himself free as best he might from his load of torturing infirmities. And when after one of these fierce sieges he would crawl out like some viper into the sunshine to thaw out his stiffened joints, with just breath enough left to curse, and just strength enough, leaning on his crab-stick, to shake his skeleton fist at the unlucky black, small thanks did Dr. Griffin receive for his skill, small welcome he and the black pony Beelzebub when they paused in their morning canter at the rickety gate, on which leaned the just-rescued sinner, with an ill-favored leer of triumph in his ferret eyes, as he answered the doctor's inquiries after his health, and held out his gaunt, shrivelled wrist, with the rigid artery sluggishly swelling under the doctor's finger.

At last, one black November night, there came a pealing storm of raps upon the doctor's door : the doctor slept ill o' nights, they said, and Noll might have spared himself such unusual trouble : at all events he just dropped the hammer with one last thundering blow, when Dr. Griffin's black shock of hair protruded from an upper window. Beelzebub soon dashed by the negro on the road, leaving him panting on through mud and mire to follow as he might.

When Noll reached the cabin-door, Satan lay stretched upon the threshold with his great muzzle turned up toward the clouds, baying forth such long-drawn, piercing, pitiable howls as struck a strange, chilling terror into the negro's bosom. It was with a shaking hand he lifted the latch and stepped within the door : old Grimsby, pale as very death, lay bolstered up in bed ; his mouth, wide open, gasped for air, and his head in agony rolled from side to side : the dirty, scanty bed-clothes rose and fell with every convulsive, heaving inspiration ; his gaunt ribs it seemed would burst at every breath : cold damps were gathering upon his wrinkled face : his eyes glared fiery red from under his gray brows, and curses, oh ! more terrible than even old Grimsby ever

swore before, came up mingled with death-rattles, and poured from his quivering white lips.

‘Ha! ha! have I cheated you at last? Have you lost all your years of jealous watching, your potions and your drugs, your long nights of vigils and your stormy mid-night rides? Must you hover round me like a vulture, ready to pounce upon my old carcase, and snatch from the worm his due? Would nothing satisfy you? no bribe, no prayer, no humiliation — nothing but this poor, skinny, rotten carrion? Would you not take your clutches from me for an instant, not though I begged and prayed to be left alone to die? Come, feast your devilish eyes upon me now; I called you here for that. Come, gloat upon this agony: come, count this ebbing pulse: listen to these hoarse rattles: feel these cold, deadly damps! Ha! ha! you’ll have no more of me! I’ve cheated you: you’ve lost your wager, doctor! Ha! ha! ha! Good-by! good-by!’

The bony fist dropped dead upon the bed; the toothless jaw with a shuddering, long-drawn sigh fell open wide; the doctor sprang forward: it was all over with old Giles Grimsby!

Two men whom Noll had not before seen, stepped quickly out now from a dark corner of the room: they bore between them a stout, heavy box of strange shape and workmanship: with a business-like air they took their places at the head and foot of the straw pallet on which in an unshapely heap lay the miserable remains of old Grimsby: the doctor gave way to them, stepping quietly back, laying down the pulseless wrist he held between his fingers, put up his watch within his great-coat, and stood watching the preparations that were going on with an expression of half-indifferent curiosity; yet Noll thought he could read something more in a dim twinkling light that lurked in the deep caverns far beneath his eye-brows. The men completed their arrangements in silence; screws and bolts, a formidable array, were driven in and secured: then they took up their burden and staggered with it heavily out. Dr. Griffin looked after them till the door was closed; then he bestirred himself where he stood with a faint, inward chuckle.

Noll was crouching close to the faint embers, trying to blow a little life into them, wondering to himself what next he should do in life, and catching stolen glances at the doctor’s face as he stood alone in the middle of the floor: he felt Dr. Griffin’s strong, heavy hand upon his shoulder, and the next instant was jerked upon his feet.

‘Come, lad, let those dead coals alone: you’ll never warm yourself by their light again: better look out for a new hearth and another home. What say you? I’ve a place and work enough for a likely boy like you: come to my house to-morrow: I’ll make you useful: never fear.’ Noll bobbed his head in token of acquiescence, and the doctor strode out of the door.

That night there was a great blaze seen over by the hemlock-swamp, and a black form dancing about with uncouth gestures in the lurid light, and in the morning four crumbling black walls and a staggering chimney showed where Giles Grimsby had passed his useless, desolate life.

What starved, ill-favored cur haunted all day and all night long the

gate of Dr. Griffin's lonely dwelling? The stark ribs stood out beneath his brown-brindled, mangy hide; the sharp and jagged chain of bones along his back started up in a bare, rough ridge between his two lean shoulders; famine stared from his dull, red, hollow eyes; half-dead he lay, with famished mouth wide open, and his dry, red tongue lolling out, at the inhospitable gate; but when Dr. Griffin stalked abroad, he would rear himself up feebly on his tottering legs, dashing himself against the palings, and baring his white fangs in ineffectual fury. All through the night he sent up his unearthly, agonizing howl: people shuddered in their beds at the ill-omened sound: 'There is a death to-night,' they muttered, turning in their uneasy slumbers. They could not drive the dog away; he found his way to the door of the side-office, and there he laid himself down with a growl rattling in his hoarse throat, breaking out every now and then with such an appalling, heart-sickening yell as set the doctor cursing over his work within. Blows and kicks were of no avail: the beast's red eyes would start from their hollow caverns like globes of fire; with savage strength he would throw himself, snarling a desperate growl, against the half-closed door, and when it was forced shut against him, he would scratch and paw and beat against it with such determined fury, that Noll verily believed it was Satan himself, come in the shape of that insatiable dog-fiend, to carry away the body of the old sinner who lay festering in his sack-cloth shroud within.

The night was one of the blackest of December: the winds hooted and howled around the corners of the little old house, rattling the sashes in their frames and driving in at every cranny; the rain dashed in pelting sheets against the panes, the timbers rocked and trembled before the blast. The hammer of the old town-clock had raised itself with a sepulchral groan of premonition, and came down with a low, deep, booming sound, one — two — three! Again and again it fell, till eleven strokes were told. The doctor, with his new squire Noll to help him, was shut in, in his little back-office, busily at work. Three or four tallow candles hanging in the sconces round the room, blackened its low ceiling with their smoke; their glaring flames blown hither and thither by the puffs of wind, shed a dim, unsteady light throughout the room; the hot grease streamed over Noll's fingers as he stood with his candle in his hand close over old Giles Grimsby's gaunt, naked corpse, lending what help he could to the doctor in his labors.

'Ha! ha! You've cheated me, old carrion, eh?' the doctor exultantly chuckled: 'was it your bolts and your screws, your strong coffin, and your deep grave, your drunken watchers, and your triple locks, that were to keep me from you? Ha! ha! Noll! see you this pleasant grin he gave me at parting? Not so — not so easy, old curmudgeon! Dr. Griffin did n't watch you without fee or favor, night after night, and cold, stormy day after day, through dropsy and rheumatism, ague and asthma — did n't bear your abuse, and listen to your grumblings, and pity you in your whinings, and nurse you through your obstinate, tossing nights, to be cheated at last by a stout coffin and an undertaker! No, no, old fool! ha! feel you this knife now in your wretched old bosom?' Harshly it grated over the brittle bones. Noll, in his terror, almost

thought he heard a groan come up from the hollow trunk ; the doctor only laughed the louder, with a harsh oath admonishing Noll to be more careful with his burning grease : but Noll, trembling and chattering, only shrank the more away from the fearful, maddening light in the doctor's eye, and the grin of unearthly triumph with which all his pale features writhed. As stiff cartilage after cartilage gave way with a crunching sound beneath the heavy knife, his dark eyes glared and rolled in their sockets, the thin, pale lips were contracted, and the ghastly cheeks quivered with demoniac frenzy : the storm without grew louder and louder, the old house quaked as if would tumble down : as the lights within flared and glimmered, they threw an uncertain, spectral light upon the bowed face of the young doctor, till it seemed half-real, half a ghostly shadow.

The bones were wrenched from their attachments ; the doctor's long arm plunged far down into the open cavity : with a nervous jerk of his powerful arm, lungs and heart and streaming vessels were torn reeking from their bed. Just torn away, and suspended in his bloody hand with an exultant laugh — that instant came a thundering blast that shook the house to its foundations, and tore the stout door from its hinges — that instant stood the mastiff Satan before Noll's blinded eyes, flame and smoke and sulphurous vapor pouring from eyes and nose and mouth, every hair alive with streaming fire — just that instant passed flying through the air, and Noll, quaking in terror as he lay, heard Dr. Griffin's curses growled in the darkness : ' Damnation seize the cur ! After him ! — after him, Noll ! here, silly coward ! follow me ! ' And, rushing out into the black night, he left Noll with his candle clutched in his hand, stretched powerless on the floor, old Grimsby's cold, skeleton hand pressing on his cheek, and the drenching blast sweeping over him.

It seemed hours of freezing terror that passed over him before Dr. Griffin returned in the first dim winter's dawn, wet, and covered with mud, draggled, empty-handed, haggard, stamping and blaspheming up and down the creaking planks, till he stumbled over poor Noll, shivering in his fright, upon the floor. He saluted him with such a storm of blows and curses as, used as he had been to such benisons, made the poor negro wish it had been his dead master's arm that dealt the blows. At last, set upon his feet with a few parting cuffs, Noll staggered off to do his master's bidding.

They sallied forth into the dim, gray mist ; Dr. Griffin, his long back bent low to the ground, reading each foot of earth they passed. Noll, feeling his obscure way, followed close in his tracks, starting and trembling at every sound. ' I've found him ! I've found the damned blood-thirsty hound ! ' shrieked out the doctor ; ' here — this way ! follow now ! ' Four long leaping foot-marks were there, printed in blood upon the black, heavy soil, here gathering up close to the foot of some tall fence or low, gray, tumbling wall, and far on the other side again appearing deep stamped in gore. Now they skirted the edge of some deep pond ; now abruptly stopped at the brink of some swift swollen stream ; through these would Dr. Griffin plunge head-long, dragging Noll with him, and groping back and forth on the other side till the

bloody tracks were found again : here they grew faint, the tracks less deep, the leaps less bold and long ; there they slipped unsteadily on the wet, bare rocks. With just light enough to trace these guiding-marks before them, the doctor and Noll toiled wearily on for many a mile, tearing their clothes among the black-berry bushes, plunging mid-deep into bogs, up hill and over plain, and through the brakes and thickets, unconscious whither they were led, until the day had far advanced. Then, as Noll, with his teeth chattering, and his black face growing livid with cold and terror, his knees trembling and bending with fatigue and fear, was about to fling himself upon the muddy earth to beg for mercy and a moment's rest, an eddying puff of wind whirled up the mist from off the ground ; before them like a black skeleton for a moment visible, stood the charred timbers of Giles Grimsby's ruined home. Noll fell fainting to the ground : the doctor letting go his hold upon his collar, with a fierce yell sprang forward ; there lay old Satan, dead and stiff, stretched out upon a new-made mound.

A fresh and heavy shower of blows roused Noll from his death-like swoon. 'Dig, dig, you scoundrel ! up and dig, I say !' the doctor screamed in fury ; and Noll, creeping from his muddy lair, set to work with hand and nail to mine the fresh mound on which lay Satan, grinning in derision. Stones and mud, thick-matted leaves, and rotting sticks, Noll flung up from the pit, as he groped deep with his hands into the mire : when he flagged, his master's fist, or his heavy heel, aroused him to new efforts : still, as the murky morn stole on, was Noll stooping low, his master, with starting eyes bending over him ; the pit grew wider and deeper as the day crept on apace, but they found no sign of what they sought ; it was in vain the doctor cursed, and stamped, and tore away weeds and rubbish, and Noll toiled and threw out handful after handful of black saggy earth. With a screaming execration as noon came on, the doctor tore Noll by the collar from the yawning pit, and flung the gaunt carcase of old Satan into it. The famished cur turned up his grinning jaws as he lay dead in the bottom of his grave, as if to mock them : the doctor stamped in his furious rage upon the starveling carrion till every rib cracked, then they flung in the heaped-up earth upon him, and turned sulkily and wearily their faces home. So it happened that Dr. Griffin never could explain satisfactorily why it was that old Giles Grimsby died that night so suddenly.

The whites of old Noll's eyes seemed to glare with a weird terror in the dim obscure of the village bar-room when he reached this point of his story : our host bustled in at the pause amidst the rank of thick-shod feet drawn up upon the fender, and with much ado and a loud rattle, shook down the red brands to the bottom of the stove ; a shower of sparks flew up with a glowing light upon Noll's ashy face : the long seam beneath his eye seemed to grow whiter and broader : there was an uncanny stare in his blank fixed features : his white teeth, exposed by the thick lips, gleamed in the sudden light : a chill crept over each one of us : we drew insensibly nearer to the bed of flickering embers into which old Noll was gazing as if he saw a spectre there. It was but for a moment ; a fresh pile of crackling wood was soon sending up its dancing flames ; the warm cheery fire-light went flickering into every

corner of the dingy old room ; old Noll roused up with a shake of his brawny shoulders, and filled his glass from the smoking jug.

‘ Well, well, gentlemen, it was a hard life for old Noll, to be sure ; it was n’t much else but kicks and cuffs and hard words the whole day long ; oaths and blows to get up by, curses and kicks to drive me off to bed, and mighty little sleep I used to get : there was Beelzebub to stable at mid-night, and Beelzebub to saddle at dawn : many’s the black night I’ve followed master across country, and the devil’s own roads he used to ride, and many the heavy load I’ve dragged home for him that he got, the LORD knows how ; the dark things that were done in that little rickety office, you’d not many of you walk home to-night should I tell you now.

‘ At dead of night I’ve opened his doors to a crew he’d bring home with him then : they were black-faced, villainous rascals, and the oaths they’d swear would sometimes make even me shake in my shoes, and I was pretty well used to that sort of thing : there would be drinking, and loud carousing, and sometimes there would be bloody fights, and glasses and bottles would fly about, and pistols and dirks would be drawn, and I’ve seen my master loll back, laughing ready to die, when some big bully has been laid under the table with a bleeding gash in his temple. But there was something strange about him : let the quarrel be what it would, and the words and turmoil ever so high ; let him give one of those strange glances of his, or speak but one word, and the loudest swaggering ruffian of them all was in a moment as quiet as a lamb. *He* never was drunk : he would pour down the strong Hollands so hot it seemed to hiss in his throat, and when all the others were laid snoring and stupid on the floor, he would stalk off with a scornful sneer to his dark office, and toil away at some unhallowed craft till early dawn. Such nights I used to be posted, no matter how fierce the storm, down the lane where I could catch the first splash of a horse’s hoof upon the road : if a message of sudden sickness came, I brought it to my master, and then he and black Beelzebub would dash away through the mire, and the dark-browed ruffians, sulkily, but well primed with gin, would steal away, leaving their frolic unfinished.

‘ Though my master was hated and dreaded by the whole country round ; though the children used to shrink from him in the streets, and the women whispered his name with horror as he passed ; though no one ever came near his lonely house, unless driven by sickness or distress ; yet there was no other doctor half so good for whole miles about, and Dr. Griffin got to have nearly all the practice of that region. He was driven all day long by business, he was called out night after night ; he never was tired, never seemed to sleep : when he came home o’ mornings after a whole night’s watch, I would loosen the girths on old Beelzebub’s sides, and shake down his feed of oats, and after a hasty mouthful snatched from the table, and a long, deep draught of fiery gin, the doctor would be ready for his morning ride, and astride of Beelzebub, cantering down the road with his long ragged coat flaunting out in the wind. The beast, too, did n’t seem to be much the worse for his hard work ; he only seemed the more vicious the harder he was ridden ; he had a hundred tricks with his heels and

his devilish bite that I had to look out for ; sometimes I did n't know whether I should come out of the stable alive, such precious pranks he used to play with heels and hoofs, trailing the bar of his stall before him by the halter, as he dashed snorting through the darkness, sending the old timbers flying in splinters at his heels, and tearing and championing the rotten clap-boards like paper in his teeth.

The doctor was getting to be well-to-do in the world : to be sure he did n't change much his way of living : some how he never seemed to care much about those little comforts that men spend money for ; he wore the same ragged old over-coat, and fared as hard and lived as carelessly as ever : but then, when he came home o' nights, he would rattle out whole handfuls of silver down upon the deal table, and often there would be bright yellow gold shining among the rest ; but he would sweep all together with a grin, into a greasy leathern pouch, and fling it uncouneted into a deep iron-ribbed safe, built in the stout old chimney. No one would ever have cared to rob the doctor : there it lay, as safe as if the key were in old Nick's own pocket, and indeed it might have been as well as in my master's for all the good the money did, and all the chance there was of any one else ever getting hold of it.

Still, although the fences all about the old place were tumbling down, and the house was battered and dingy, and going fast to ruin, and every thing looking desolate, and my master himself more like a scare-crow or a breathing mischievous skeleton, then any thing that ever lived, it went abroad all through the town that he was growing rich fast ; and how it came I don't know ; but there were a good many respectable people, and good Christians, too, that began to show a kind of interest in his welfare, and would speak a little more than a civil word to him in the street ; and whereas he had always been looked upon and spoken of as one wholly given over to perdition, as they say, whose end is to be burned, there were some who were not quite so sure now that he was so utterly lost, and a few that could tell of sinners fully as abandoned as he, who, by a word fitly spoken, had been turned from the error of their ways, and had become bright and shining lights in the world. Some of the deacons got into a way of talking with the doctor as they met him around in one house or another where some body happened to be sick ; but no one seemed to have a gift that way quite so much as Elder Wiley, who used to live in a large farm-house over the other side of the town, where some of the finest farms were ; and he and master really did seem to get on together wonderfully : sometimes he would jog along on his gray mare by the side of old Beelzebub, talking over crops, and sickness, and the weather, and improving the subject, as he called it ; and the doctor would answer him quite civil, and perhaps he would n't swear once in half-a-mile.

But I *was* taken all back, when this sort of thing had been going on quite a while, when master brought home one day a big bundle, which he flung at my head, as he generally did every thing which he brought home, swearing at me for a damned, lazy, black rascal for not moving quicker to get out of the way. It did n't hurt me any this time, but what could be in the wind to make master bring home such a bundle of Sunday clothes, I could n't for the life of me guess then.

‘Now, I was n’t much of a meeting-goer ; I was n’t brought up that way ; and some how it never would come natural to me ; but next Sunday, when master rigged himself all out in his new clothes, after scraping his rough chin till the blood came, and damning his soul, and his eyes, and his whole body, because his new cravat would n’t tie anywhere but under his left ear, I could n’t help stealing out after Beelzebub was fairly mounted and off, and taking a short cut across the fields to the old brick meeting-house : and there, sure enough, when I had got myself hid away in the back part of the house, clear down in the corner of the pew among the boys, there came in master, alongside of Deacon Wiley, and sat right down in his pew in the front of the whole congregation. You may be sure there was a great fluttering among the bonnets, and fans, and old gray men looked at each other as if they thought the galleries would totter down over them next ; but master sat still, thumbing over the hymn-book, and looking as unconcerned as possible. When the minister rose to give out the psalm, he turned over the leaves till he found the place — I wondered how he managed to do it — and then he leaned over his long body to one corner of the square pew, where pretty Miss Wiley sat, and handed her the book wide open. It seemed to me that she started back a little and shuddered ; but she bowed and declined the book, and did not rise as the others did, while the people were singing. Master sat still too, but never lifted his eyes from the page, and all through service he seemed to listen attentively to what the minister said, and always found the hymns for himself and the deacon when they were sung. I knew I should catch it soundly if I was n’t home before he came, but I could n’t help waiting just one moment, as the people turned round to go, after the blessing ; and as he stepped out into the broad-aisle I saw my master put himself by the side of Miss Wiley, and stoop to say something to her. I saw that she trembled like a leaf, and shrank away from him, and turned so deadly pale in an instant, that I thought she would faint there in the crowd ; but she drew herself up at once so proud, and her eyes flashed, and with a slight courtesy she let him pass her. If she had seen what I saw then in his hollow eyes, she would have swooned away on the floor where she stood ; but except that, his face was as quiet and unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

‘I knew there was no time for *me* to waste, and I scampered across the fields the quickest way home. Beelzebub was n’t long after me, and the doctor, tearing off his finery, flung himself down moodily into a chair. I never saw him just that way before, and some how now I felt it meant no good. He did n’t swear at me : he hardly seemed to know that I was in the room, but sat by the pine-table drinking off gin by the tumbler-full, without saying a word, or attending to any thing that I was doing ; when he looked at me he did n’t appear to see me ; there was an ugly look in his two little black eyes once or twice when I caught a glimpse of them, that frightened me, but what it meant I could n’t tell, and I did n’t like to watch him too close when he was in that way. But after he had sat so some time, he got up and stalked across the room without a word, or seeming to rouse up a bit more, and

went into his side-office ; I heard him rattling away at his old dried bones, and among his big jars and tinctures for ever so long. I never had much notion what he used to do in that little gloomy office all shut up so by himself ; I knew that once I found him sitting there with an old brown, grinning skull upon his knees, leaning over it, and groping down deep with his finger into the empty eye-holes, and using strange words to it, the like of which I never heard before. I did n't go in there very often ; the old books and jars were never dusted — master did n't care much for such things — but there was an upright glass-case in one side of the room, and many strange-shaped things hanging up on hooks and nails within it ; and beside a loose heap of dusty bones that lay on the bottom, there was one whole skeleton hanging up that I knew very well : it was my old master's, old Giles Grimsby's.

‘ The doctor used to shut himself up long dark nights with these ugly shapes, and sometimes I could hear him mumbling uncouth words in a hollow voice, pacing up and down the creaking floor with long strides ; the sashes of the cases would burst open then, and I could hear the loose-hung bones shaking together, and old Grimsby would step down from his place. Master and he had many a strange talk together there ; for once, I do n't know what it was that made me, it was long past mid-night, I found the door unlocked, I shoved it just a little ajar — enough to catch a glimpse of old Grimsby's skeleton cowering close to the little fire, and chattering his white jaws ; he had his bony fist up, just as I saw him last, with his shaking arm brandished high and threateningly above his head : master was lolling back on the hind legs of his chair, chuckling with one of his strange scornful laughs that I used to hear him give when he and old Grimsby sat drinking together by the fire down in the hemlock-swamp. I did n't dare to stay long watching there ; neither my old master nor my young one used to bear watching very well when they wished to be alone, and I did n't like to be too curious after that about what was going on in that little room, but I never believed master meant much good when he went by himself there and locked the door, and so it was now.

‘ But after that day my master changed a good deal in some things ; he used to wear better clothes, and go better shaved, and kept less of his old company, and took some pains to be respectable ; but I never found much difference in him when he was at home ; his blows were just as hard and as many ; but he was more silent and moody ; and when he swore, his oaths had a darker and more terrible significance. But Sundays he would go to church very regular, and would sit in Deacon Wiley's pew, and would show himself by the side of Miss Wiley in the street ; though I never thought but that she hated him, for she never seemed more than civil to him ; and I know once when he sent me with a note to her, she snatched it from my hand the moment she saw the direction, and without opening it she tore it into a hundred pieces, and stamped with her little foot upon the fragments on the floor. I was startled ; her dark blue eyes blazed such fire as she did it, and her cheeks were all in an angry glow, and she could n't speak for a

moment, her breath came and went so fast through her open lips. At last she swallowed down something that seemed to be choking her. 'Now, go and tell your master how I answer him!' she said, and she drew back her shoulders with a quick, shuddering movement, and shut the door upon me before I could speak again. I told my master what occurred, and got a hearty threshing for my pains: it did n't seem to affect him much however, for he did n't cease his attentions in the least; only the next note went to the deacon himself, and I noticed after that that he began to take tea at the deacon's occasionally; it got to be pretty often after a while, and Miss Wiley seemed to pay more attention to his suit.

'But though she did n't show her dislike to him quite so plainly, I know there were some things passed between the two that were not much to the doctor's liking, for he would come home some nights after he had been at the deacon's, in such a storm of rage, that I fairly expected to be murdered in some one of them. 'By the Almighty God!' he roared out as he tramped up and down by himself in the office, 'have her I will, dead or alive! Dr. Griffin is not a man to be cheated by a woman's freaks, or to be put off by a silly child's likes or dislikes! Let her look to it well! I have said it, and I will do it! The devil can't cheat me of her!' And so he began to follow her everywhere like her shadow: he was always at church; he would meet her at parties, at huskings, and the tea-drinkings around in the neighborhood; she could hardly stir into the street but the doctor was in a moment at her side, bowing in his strange, stiff way, and watching her with that wicked black eye of his; or if she cantered out alone on her little sorrel pony, the doctor, on Beelzebub, would shoot out upon her from some cross-road through the thicket, and stick close at her saddle till she dismounted at her gate.

'And so he kept up his courtship for weeks, until Miss Wiley seemed fairly to consume and fade away under his blighting presence, like a morning flower under the hot noon sun. Her cheeks, though they grew pale and wan, would light up with a more beautiful color than they had ever had before; but then it was so different! bright red blushes would show themselves there at times; and then, her eyes that were of a dark and beautiful blue, and fringed with long lashes, glowed under them with a strange light that did n't seem to be of this world; I have thought sometimes, as I looked into them, that it was a part of the hot fire consuming within that streamed out through them, and it seemed almost as if they scorched me when they fell upon me for a moment. The pity of a poor black boy like me was n't of much use to such as she, and indeed I had a dog's life of it myself, and enough to look after for my own part; but I could n't help forgetting my own troubles a little—and I was always used to hard treatment, and could n't expect much better—but when I saw her, poor thing, fading and wilting away, day after day, and yet striving and struggling bravely—God help you, Sir, it was n't any use!—and fighting against her fate so proudly, though every day the net was drawing closer and closer about her, and Dr. Griffin never let her for one mo-

ment out of his power, nor took his villainous eye away from her ; to see her dance as she did, like the gayest girl in the whole country, and laugh so — I had a deal rather hear her cry — it seemed so forced and hollow ; she would laugh so sometimes in his very face, when he met her out at a quilting-frolic, but it was with such a start and a shiver as if an adder lay in her path ; and that strange color, and the awful fire that burned in her eye, would come back when she laughed : it was enough almost to break one's heart to see her. She was trying to wear him out by her delay, and her scornful ways, and womanish humors ; I could see that ; but she might as well have tried to tire out the old stone block before her father's door. Dr. Griffin was just as quiet and cool in her presence, as persevering in his attentions, as ceaselessly constant in his watch over her, for all her insults and neglect, and her petulant freaks and her wayward, capricious, vexatious tricks. It was like a poor wild bird entrapped ; she may scream, and flutter, and beat with her poor, silly, useless wings, but the strong wires of her cage are all about her ; she can only sink down at last exhausted, panting and bleeding and helpless, and hopelessly captive.

It was strange her father the deacon never noticed how she was going on ; but he was a very upright man, and a great man in the church, and exceedingly active in Sunday-schools and missionary enterprises, which were just beginning to be talked about here ; for I got to going to meeting a little more then, and heard a great many things which I should n't have found out else ; and he laid all her strange ways to perverseness and woman's fickleness, and thought perhaps he was doing his duty by her as a parent, not to notice these obstinate and unreasonable humors. But I knew enough to know that she was dying, and that my master was killing her ; and it was n't such a new thing to me when people began to talk about Miss Wiley's dreadful cough, and to notice how thin and miserable she was getting ; and at last her father and mother became frightened in real earnest, when, in one of those fearful fits of coughing, she raised a quantity of blood ; and they sent off straight to the doctor my master, though she begged them not to do so, and protested it was nothing ; she would soon be better. But she got no better after that : the winter was coming on ; a blustering, stormy year it was, and she had to keep the house, and soon she could n't leave her room ; the doctor would be there every day, but she would take none of his medicine, and would laugh when they told her how sick she was. I don't believe she wanted to get any better ; but she kept on failing and fading away, and her beautiful hands, they said, got so thin you could see the light through them, and her pure, white brow, that I remember with the blue veins winding through it just beneath her broad, brown tresses, became as pale as marble itself ; until early one morning my master came home — it was the first fall of that winter's snow — and said that Miss Wiley was dead.

They said my master had behaved like a brother to her ; that he watched by her bed-side long nights ; that not even her mother could have been more constant and tender in her care. The people all sympathized with him in his loss ; they knew how ill his devotion had been

repaid : he had been a wild young man, to be sure, and had played some terrible pranks if report spoke true, but he had reformed most nobly since he began to care for her, and then the patience and untiring love with which he had requited all her scorn, showed what a true and faithful heart he had in his bosom. My master went to her funeral in a complete suit of black, and with a wide crape-weed upon his hat ; there was no mourner among them all so broken down under the heavy affliction ; it seemed as if he never would get over it. They had to shovel away the drifted snow to dig her grave, and the white flakes fell thick upon her pall when they bore her out to bury her : after father and mother had looked their last and stepped back into the throng that pressed about her grave, the doctor still bent over the coffin and watched till the last heaping shovel-full had been thrown in : it seemed that he was inconsolable ; they had to drag him away.

‘But I do know this ; there were many stormy days after that, and it seemed that, wrapped all up in the cold snow-drifts, and with the hard earth bound down tight about her, poor Miss Wiley might have rested in her coffin : but if they had gone with pick and spade but one short week after they laid her there, they would have found an empty shroud and a rifled coffin in the bottom of her grave.

‘I don’t want to tell any more. God forgive me for knowing so much about such villainy ! I could n’t help it then : I should have been murdered else ; but I could n’t have gone again into that little dark back-office after what I saw done there. I was nothing but a poor, ignorant black boy who had been beaten and kicked and cursed, and who had shared in many a deed before perhaps as dreadful, but never before, oh ! never, was such accursed sacrilege : it will haunt me to the day I die. It was a great many years after, that I took down her poor bones and found the spot where she had been buried, and laid them again to rest ; it was all I could do for her, poor black, ignorant devil that I was.’

Old Noll bent forward suddenly as he spoke, his grizzled head fell low upon his bosom, and his face he buried in his hard, black hands. There he crouched, sob-sobbing away, his great chest heaving and swelling, his brawny, uncouth frame all shaking with the struggle. We village idlers sat in astonishment looking on ; the old man choked with the rebellious swelling in his throat, and groaned writhing in his chair ; at last, with one throe of agony the tears burst forth, streaming between his horny, shrivelled fingers. The poor old wretch had dammed up those tears for a life-time ; he must needs give way to them now. Stolen glances of wonder and awe went round from one lounge to another : no one had ever dreamed of old Noll as any thing but the battered, limping, drudging hostler of the village, the companion of a fishing excursion, or the butt of a coarse bar-room jest ; we watched him now with a dumb reverence, and unmolested let him give his pent-up feelings way.

At last he lifted himself up, swept his ragged sleeve once or twice nervously across his streaming eyes, seemingly to clear away the film that gathered in them, gazing far off across the room into the darkness,

as if he saw some happier vision there ; for he grew calmer as he gazed, and drew his breath more freely after one or two gasping struggles, and a brighter light fell over his sooty, wrinkled face ; the twitching movements of his lips passed by, he gave one more long sighing breath that came from the very bottom of his chest, and sat silent and calm in the red fire-light, as if in a dream. He roused himself at length.

‘Do n’t mind me, gentlemen : it would come, and I feel better for it, now it’s past. I never could tell what it was made me watch that poor young lady so, to follow her to church, and dangle after her a long way off in the streets, and try to get somewhere where I could see her at the parties and country frolics, up with the fiddlers or among the waiters, anywhere where I could be near her and watch her. I could n’t dare to speak to her, and it would have been no use ; but, dead or alive, I could n’t get rid of her : she was everywhere ; in my dreams, and by me in my work ; and when I have been so dull and stupid, and people have laughed at me for it, and made fun of me, and called me dreaming Noll, she was by me then, so pale and wo-begone, and wasted, and despairing : she has dogged me all through life, from the day I first saw her along with *him* in Squire Wiley’s pew ; never once took her scorching eyes from me : they burn me here, *here*, till it seems as if I carried that hell-fire about me in my bosom ; as if it were burning my life and soul to ashes !

‘My master kept up his steady habits after this, and became very devout in his attendance on the exercises of the sanctuary : their common affliction drew him and the deacon still closer together, and a little after the funeral the doctor came before the session and was accepted as a member of the church. His practice continued to thrive, and his wealth increased rapidly ; he fixed up the old place, gave up his old habits, and settled down into a very steady, reputable, active man. He used to lend out money a good deal on bonds and mortgages, and was very strict and exact, so they said, in all his money-dealings. He took charge of a good many of Deacon Wiley’s business transactions, and managed some of his law business for him ; but I believe he did n’t do very well : at all events, it turned out, after a good many years, that the Wiley farm had to be sold under mortgage ; and by some stroke of luck Dr. Griffin came to be possessor of it. Every body thought that now the doctor would show his gratitude, and his affection for the daughter’s memory, by giving the old people at least a life-lease of the farm : they had no one else to care for, and they could have been comfortable there all their days. But, to the surprise and horror of every one, the doctor, as soon as he got the proper papers made out, gave the old folks notice to quit, saying that he intended to occupy the place himself.

‘This blow broke the old deacon sadly ; he did n’t live many months after leaving the old homestead : the doctor had it all painted and papered ready for himself, and was going to move into it ; but while these changes were being made, he concluded to winter in his own quarters.

‘It was one December night, the stormiest night but one I ever knew :

the doctor had shut himself up in his office, where he spent nearly all his time now, drawing up agreements and calculating interest, and doing a great many other things of that sort : I was in the room next by, darning together my old clothing, and shivering at the rain-blasts that dashed every now and then against the panes. It was such a night that no one would have ventured out ; the darkness was pitch-black, and the rain drove in sheets against the weather-boards. The house creaked and rattled all over, and the sashes, as they shook in their frames, let in the wind at every crevice. I did n't dare to go up to my dark room at the top of the house, so I crept close to the fire in the great chimney-place, wrapping myself up as well as I could, and tried to sleep.

But the storm outside grew fiercer and fiercer, as the night drew on, and I had an uneasy feeling that would not let me sleep ; so I lay listening and trembling, and trying to quiet myself by counting over and over again as far as I knew. As mid-night crept on, it grew to a hurricane : the old house rocked to-and-fro, and the floors and rafters trembled and groaned : any moment I thought they might fall on me. I lay listening and shivering in my fright ; just then there came to my ear, through the deafening uproar of the tempest, a faint and far-off cry : the next moment it was nearer, more distinct ; it was drawing nearer and nearer, more clear, more certain every instant : it was the deep, low, sullen baying of a mastiff ; the roar of the storm could n't drown it ; it grew deeper ; it came nearer every moment : my blood froze within me : I drew my blanket over my head, and lay shaking in deadly fear. The town-clock boomed twelve : the blast shrieked down the chimney and roared around the tottering walls : once more that dreadful howl close to the door : one crash, one burst of thunder : the old house reeled and quivered : there was a blinding flash of light, a scream, a heavy fall ; then one low, gurgling rattle, and all was still as death.

'When I came to myself in the morning, the sun was shining in at the window, and the sky over-head was blue and clear. I went out for a few moments to breathe the fresh air, and to try to forget my fearful dream. But the storm had worked terrible mischief on the old place ; fences were blown down, and every tree lay up-rooted on the ground : where the little office had stood against the side of the house, was a heap of smoking cinders : the old case still stood amidst the ruin, but the doors were rent apart, and old Giles Grimsby's grinning skeleton, low stooping to the ground, half-knelt upon the smoking hearth, the bony fingers clutched about a black, black *something* that lay reeking there !

'One errand yet I had to do. Crushing the smouldering embers under foot I did it, wrapping my poor burden up tenderly in my blanket ; then I turned my back upon the place with a curse, and fled away. I sought for Beelzebub in the stable : Beelzebub was gone, and the stable a smoking heap. I fled over the hills : I hid in the bushes till night came on, and then, when my poor duty was finished, I wandered down into the village to find a home.'

FRANK FANTOME.

December, 1855.

W H I S P E R I N G S .

Is it the beauty of this sun-set hour,
 Comes o'er my soul with such strange, soothing power:
 Quiets my throbbing pulse, and bids to rest
 The tide of sorrow swelling in my breast?
 The air is full of whisperings of love,
 As if some angel missioned from above
 Gently doth pour upon my ravished ear
 Of Heaven's sweet minstrelsy an echo clear.
 So clear, so sweet, it entereth in my soul,
 Making with melody my spirit whole:
 While a strange gladness thrills my frame
 As if a loved voice breathed my name.
 The dear, familiar accents come and go,
 So dreamy, scarcely doth my stirred heart know
 Belongs to earth or heaven so sweet a sound:
 As in this blissful moment floats around.

How thin the veil; ah! who may dare to say,
 Which from our twilight hides unclouded day!
 Faith's eagle ken may pierce its shadowy fold,
 Hope fix her anchor there, and Love, made bold
 By promises divine, may enter in,
 While yet a tenant of this world of sin:
 And whisperings of those diviner things
 Come down like breath of angels' wings.
 Nor only in the bright, brief moment of their stay
 Cheer they the fainting pilgrim on his way;
 But their soft echoes frequent hover round,
 And strength and speed he gathers with the sound.
 There is a commune with the world unseen,
 Though some may deem it but an airy dream:
 Or, if there be not, then what meaneth now
 The almost kiss pressed gently on my brow;
 The calm, deep quiet falling on my soul;
 The waves of peacefulness that o'er me roll?

My SAVIOUR GOD, thy word can never fail:
 THOU that hast passed for me within the veil,
 Unfoldest to the waiting heart of love
 The radiant glories of that home above;
 Showest the loved, the lost of earth, most blest,
 For ever living in that clime of rest;
 Though fettered sight trace not their dwelling-place,
 Yet faith may hold them still in love's embrace,
 E'en as this calm, soft radiance in the west,
 So clear reflected on the river's breast,
 Left by the passing of the glorious sun
 To other climes, his race for ours full run;
 So rays of glory stream through Heaven's gates,
 Communings holy to the heart that waits —
 That waits in hope, in patience, and in love,
 For these revealings from that world above.
 And as they come, like the mild sun-set ray,
 They scatter radiance o'er the darkening way;
 They bid the worn, the fainting spirit come;
 They lure it gently to its glorious home.

INDEX.

THE ENCAMPING ANGEL.

My guardian ANGEL! while the night is weeping,
And while, alone, defenceless, I am sleeping,
Art thou thy vigil by my pillow keeping?

Hast thou with self-forgetfulness forsaken
Thy place beside the Throne, and kindly taken
Thy post by my lone bed till I awaken?

Is it thy presence holy that dispenses
These pure aspirings, these calm influences?
Are they of thy descension evidences?

While this communion I with thee am holding,
I almost see thy brow's celestial moulding,
And the white wings thy lineaments enfolding.

What are thy thoughts while I am stilly dreaming?
What radiant visions on thy soul are streaming,
More bright by far than day's meridian beaming?

Within thy ken are kindred angels winging
Their earthward flight, bland benedictions bringing,
Or by young children's cradles are they singing?

Do they o'ercome all sorrowful, sad noises
With the majestic mildness of their voices,
Till earth refrains from weeping, and rejoices?

Above the sufferer's pillow are they bending,
Rich consolation with his anguish blending,
Till CHRIST shall give the signal for ascending?

Will some remain to bind the broken-hearted,
(As HE, when human, with divinest art did,)
And guard the sacred dust of the departed?

Where contrite souls are God's just anger dreading,
Are they compassionately, kindly treading,
O'er crimson sins the SAVIOUR'S pardon shedding?

Are some unfolding to enfranchised mortals
The golden gates, the fair and pearly portals
Responsive to the hymns of the Immortals?

Benignest Angel! move the moments slowly?
Dost thou not yearn to join their worship holy,
Rather than watch beside my slumber lowly?

No! bright one! purified from self-denial,
It is to thee no banishment nor trial
Thus o'er my sleep to hold serene espial.

CHRIST JESUS, charge concerning me, hath given
To keep me in my rest, this summer even:
Where CHRIST commands thy post, there is thy heaven.

Oh! when the morn shall see the swift returning
To those fair realms where seraphim are burning,
New love unutterable ever learning,

Beseech HIM, in each unforeseen mutation,
That thou mayst come with gentle ministration
To me who am an heir of His salvation.

And oh! when I shall feel that I am dying,
When to loved lips my own refuse replying,
Through the dim darkness let me see thee flying,

Mild, mighty Angel! from the surging River,
From mustering foes, my fainting soul deliver,
Then bear it saved and safe to GOD, the Giver.

JULIA A. McMASTERS.

Alton, 1956.

PUSILLANIMA SIMPLE.

BY KIT KELVIN.

'THERE is a generation, oh! how lofty are their eyes, and their eye-lids are lifted up.'
PROVERBS.

THE family of Simples was purely of city origin. It was the result of an alliance between Mr. Rawson Simple and Miss Ophelia Peth. The latter affected a foreign relation, but it was not definitely settled how legitimate the estimate was; and cousin-germanships were ultimately lost in confusion.

Simple had been a butcher for twenty-five years of his life, and had retired upon an easy fortune, and with it, unfortunately, an empty head. In this respect, his family very cleverly imitated him.

The result of his *life-sacrificing* labors had placed Simple at the head of a finely-built house in a fashionable quarter; and upon his door he read with inward delight, at every approach to his dwelling, from a massive silver plate — R. Simple. The interior was not wanting even in a library. There stood an elaborately-finished mahogany case, filled with costly-bound books, sacredly preserved from touch; for the owner's time was too precious to spend in spelling and defining the titles and subjects of so many unknown authors. A daily gaze upon the gilt backs that stared through the glass sufficed him; and then, too, he would pass for a literary man, or at least, for one possessing *some* literary taste. This was requisite for house-keeping in the particular part of the city in which Simple resided. Mrs. Simple was very vulgar, but she was not aware of the fact. A countless change of dresses, jewelry in profusion, a lap-dog, and sweet-singing Canaries, spoke to the contrary; and then, too, a coach and black driver chased away all lurking suppositions that she ranked lower than her own ideas had located *caste*. In fact, Simple's money had positioned him much higher in the niche

of worldly estimation than his naturally *sanguine* temperament had figured for him. He enjoyed the title of alderman of his ward; and his orbicular personage certainly commanded for him some respect. His little apple-head, furnished with a small, gray eye, generous nose, and vermilion face, would turn but slowly unless addressed by those who had a respectable handle by way of a title to their names. Upon his entrance into official notoriety he had been run for the chair, but subsided into one of a committee upon salaries; a position he was as capable of filling as any in the gift of the council. His appearance was invariably the same, especially when discoursing upon city affairs in and about 'the Hall.' Legs located at a distance, like an old skipper in a heavy sea; hands in pocket, hat hung upon one side of the head, and a lighted segar pointing sky-ward from his mouth: it was thus he stood when gratuitously giving advice and receiving requests; generally shortening a *bore* by *seeing* him *again*. With a man of real standing, his cunning stood by to scatter such enigmas as would create a desire upon the stranger to have another conference.

Such was Simple 'down-town.' At home, he ate with his knife, swore lustily at his table, and steadily 'turned in' with more brandy than sobriety would prescribe.

Upon Pusillanima Simple, father and mother had lavished every thing that riches with vulgar tastes could suggest. She had attained the age of twenty, and in personal appearance could not boast of much natural beauty. Her hair was red; her face badly freckled; with a gray eye and a pug nose, followed by an enormous mouth and retreating chin: in stature short and the obverse of *thin*.

In the matter of cleanliness, her education had not been fully completed. There was evidently lacking in or about her toilet-stand a tooth-brush. At least her *dentals* evidenced such a want. It is true she had been sent to school, but not until late in her 'teens;' and, there is a very homely but true adage, hardly appropriate to the estate of a young lady, but not the less truthful: 'It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks.' She had recited grammar and taken lessons in chirography, but it did not prevent her from slandering Murray, or disgracing the personal pronoun I with an invidious *dot*. She sang loud, but the melody, to an anxious parent, or the ear of a skilful physician, would have suggested croup with instant relief. Her voice, the true index of a lady or a commoner, was pitched high, with a shrillness that reminded one of 'The Vision of Judgment,' where the process of ear-stopping was resorted to for the purpose of shutting out *all* cadences.

But Pusillanima Simple, in her own estimation was a real lady, representing such wealth as would call to her side any partner she saw fit to select. The only delight of her life was to hear the bell and her name pronounced; the great object of her life, marriage. Poor Pussy! for such was her endearing appellation.

Simple's object in choosing such a fashionable neighborhood for a residence, was merely to connect himself, through his daughter, with a *blooded* family. No matter what the suitor was, so long as he *ranked*.

Simple was no miser. Scarcely a week passed without a gathering in his rooms from whence, late at night and early in the morning, issued

a variety of sounds, indicative of experiments upon some instrument in connection with *supposed* vocal music; acting as symphony, an occasional burst of strong lungs that *might* be mistaken for a slight forgetfulness of time and place, but, of course, *mere* party hilarity.

There are young men of the town who respectably pursue respectable avocations, and yet are ready for *spicy* adventures that have a show of novelty as well as variety: by reason of which many in the end would have shown more wisdom to have declined the chase.

George Lark was of good birth and education, a gentleman in reality. He was teller in one of the city banks — in all respects one whose society was sought for, and whose presence was ever most welcome. It so happened that he resided in the same street with the Simples, and daily passed their number on his way to business. Neither was he ignorant of the fact that at the library-window of Simple's house a red-haired damsel was generally stationed to view the passing throng. Lark's personal appearance pierced the fancy of the sensitive Pusillanima, and she had already commenced mental negotiations to make his acquaintance. With the natural cunning of her sex, she at last arranged it, and Lark one evening could add another name to his extensive list of lady friends — Miss Pusillanima Simple — a verity that made *her* very happy. This objective obstacle now overcome, the next *soirée* given at Simple's was more particularly for young Lark, who, *just for a bit of fun*, accepted the invitation. The best description of the evening, with his impressions of the fair Pussy, is given in a letter he tossed off the following morning to a friend out of town. It ran thus:

'DEAR JIM: I wish you had been with me last evening. Alderman's Simple red-haired daughter gave a spicy blow-out; and, probably, such a conglomerated set was never before seen in jewels and flounces. As to the 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' it might be summed up in expressions such as *done*, for did — *went*, for gone — *seen*, for saw — *him*, for he, interspersed with murderous language and slang phrases. Imagine my 'feelinks,' as mellow Clark of the 'KNICK' says. Fancy me in the giddy whirl of a polka with the queen of the evening — that vulgar, pug-nosed damsel! *so graceful* in all her movements! I was not 'pierced with a white wench's black eye,' but I was thoroughly disgusted with the entire arrangement, and '*plied my pinions*' as soon as decency would allow. Egad! *could* you have seen me and Miss Simple, you *might* have felt jealous, but I essentially doubt it. For further particulars wait until we can meet.'

The *bit of fun* which Lark anticipated, came too speedily, and with altogether too much reality. Like an Alpine avalanche did the tenderness of Pussy Simple encompass him, and, with so much ardor did she follow it up, as to seriously annoy the teller. Like Dick Swiveller, he had completely *blocked up* his own street, and had been obliged of late to pass down-town by another route. He had endeavored to quench the sanguine affection of Miss Simple, but all to no effect. The crisis at length came. The post-man handed over the counter a note at which the gallant Lark blushed crimson. The mantling blood was not be-

cause the letter *might* be from a young lady, but from the fearful scrawl which met his eye. The superscription was :

‘Mr. georg lark esqre.
at ——— bank
in ——— strete.’

With a feeling of shame, and a half-formed idea that this was a just retribution for his foolish adventure, he thrust the missive into his pocket. Could Pussy have seen the reception of her invitation, her feelings could not have been more bitterly crushed than was her gilt-edged note, over which she had passed nearly an entire day. Miss Simple’s ‘last dying speech’ ran as follows :

‘deer mister lark esqre.

‘i am agoing to a large fashunabel sorei tormorro nite and i had ruther hav u go with me than ‘that uglee fello sam buckster i hope u will cum in a carradge and cum erly as i shall have to fix my dress when i get thare do noit disapoint mee

‘URS, PUSSY SIMPLE.’

‘p s u no itt is custumary for ladis to invit hur own cumpanee.

‘P. SIMPLE.’

This ‘stunning’ specimen of elaborate composition completely cap-sized young Lark, and he immediately concluded to close the game, at all hazards. In order to effect this, severe and immediate measures must be put in requisition. He accordingly answered the invitation in the following manner, borrowing largely from his imagination.

‘MISS SIMPLE : Your kind invitation I regret to say I cannot meet. My father has been taken suddenly ill, and in case of his death, I shall be obliged to leave town permanently. It is with pain I add, there is very little prospect of his *ever* being *any* better. As I leave this P.M. I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again

G. L.’

This was readily received as truth, but the disconsolate one being very philosophical, recovered in a few days from her pungent disappointment. At all events, it was so supposed, as shortly after, the following announcement appeared in the morning papers :

‘MARRIED — At the residence of the bride’s father, Alderman Simple, by the Rev. John Crash, Miss Pusillanima Simple and Samuel Buckster.

‘WHEN Youth and Beauty meet,
It is a sight so sweet,
That naught should ever part
But Death’s relentless dart. — [Com.]’

It is necessary to add, Samuel Buckster was a butcher, but had, by his dashing generosity and daring exploits at sundry fires, won the lacerated heart of Pussy ; and from his ‘devil-may-care’ boldness, with decided shrewdness in business, gained the consent of the worthy alderman. Mrs. Simple wept bitterly upon the fearful fall of her house ; but find-

ing no sympathy but execrable oaths from her lord, left the matter to take its own course.

Alderman Simple, soon after the wedding, was carried out of his house feet first, boxed; having fallen in an apoplectic fit after an evening's convivial, while standing before his book-case.

The massive silver plate has since been changed. It is now simply Buckster.

B I R T H - D A Y O D E .

BY W. H. C. HOSEMER.

I.

ARM for the strife! behind thee lies
Youth's happy and enchanted shore:
A beauty that made glad thine eyes
Is gone for evermore;
For life hath more of shade than sun
When our years number twenty-one.

II.

Go forth to battle with the world,
And well the fearful warning heed!
Ten thousand banners are unfurled
Thy footsteps to mislead:
Of Pleasure's sorcery beware,
And Falsehood, with his gilded snare,

III.

Astrology our sires befooled
With stories of the natal hour;
But mortal fate was never ruled
By planetary power:
With our own hands the seed we sow:
The harvest must be *bliss* or *wo*.

IV.

The magic threshold has been passed,
And boyhood is a vision fled:
Hark! pilgrim, to a trumpet-blast
That might awake the dead:
It calls upon thee to arise,
And struggle nobly for the prize.

V.

Stern right must be thy polar star,
And truth an ever-present shield,
To be a conqueror in the war
On life's great battle-field:
Though Danger in thy pathway frown,
March onward: win and wear the crown!

P R O C R A S T I N A T I O N .

Por la calle de despues se va a la casa de nunca. — SPANISH PROVERB.

THERE is a thief that walks the world,
In the quick noon-day and the starless dark,
Protean-like, now ringed and curled,
Ragged anon, and grim and stark :
And he plies his trade with a ceaseless skill,
Defiantly, warily, working ill.

But I troll the charm
Will keep you from harm,
If scored in your memory ever :

'Who walks in the street of *By-and-by*, will stop in the house of *Never*.'

He steals your purse and he steals your time,
The golden grain of deed
From the chaff of purpose he filches oft,
With subtle hand of greed :
He flings the umbered rust on mind,
And it sinks, his captive, chained and blind :

But this is the charm
Will keep you from harm,
If scored on your memory ever :

'Who walks in the street of *By-and-by*, will stop in the house of *Never*.'

Hopes which should blossom into joys,
As the blushing rose uncurls :
Tears which Wisdom should alchemize
To a glorious rain of pearls :
Soft germs whence love's goodly fruit should rise,
He withers and changes and petrifies :

But here is the charm
Will keep you from harm,
If borne on your mind for ever :

'Who walks in the street of *By-and-by*, will stop in the house of *Never*.'

Like the mighty NEMESIS of eld,
His sandals of wool are made,
And swift will he glide and still to your side,
With light touch on your shoulder laid :
And 'Wait; there is time,' are the *drugged* words given,
As he steals from your soul its last chance of heaven.

But this phylacter bind
On the brow of your mind,
Firm and for ever :

'Who walks in the street of *By-and-by*, will stop in the house of *Never*.'

As the stony seeds in the olden time
Sprang up into armed men,
So thought-seeds sown in the field of life,
Raise goodlier ranks again.
Those — mailed hosts in earth-strifes known ;
These — angels to stand by the Great White Throne :
Then the wisdom deep
Of these old words keep
Your guide for ever :

'Who walks in the street of *By-and-by*, will stop in the house of *Never*.'

ASIA.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

H O M E.

ANOTHER day, and the old chaise which, eight years before, might have been seen slowly winding its way through those busy streets, was 'homeward bound,' but with a very different burden. The joyous child would not have been recognized in the demure and heavy-hearted maiden. I was going home, but it was with sadness. There were no pleasant associations connected with the people or place, except that I had a lingering affection for the mountains, the meadows, and the green, sloping bank, which had never been forgotten. I did not enjoy the ride: I was silent, and perhaps was sullen.

On the afternoon of the third day, the little village of Kirkenwell came in sight. There was the spire of the old church, built so long ago by the first settlers in those mountain wilds; and there was the new church down in the valley, with its many spires glittering in the sun.

There was the same old school-house, filled now as of old, with flaxen-headed urchins, all gazing out of the windows, just as they used to do, and I could see perched upon the accustomed bench the old pail and the rusty tin dipper, looking for all the world as if they had not moved since I left.

But all else, how changed! There are rows of pretty white cottages all along under the hill, and many buildings of far more imposing structure, a new store with a painted sign adorned with gilt letters. The post-office has walked across the street, proving that some body has walked out of office. The 'powers that be' are not the powers that were! The tavern has become a hotel, but does not seem otherwise changed, except perhaps a few more loungers may be seen about the door.

How the trees have grown! but there is the same old brindled cow that was ever whisking the flies in the shade of the big maple at the foot of the hill, or else the peculiar privilege of those shadows was inherited by one of her grown-up daughters.

Ah! the grave-yard! there it is; and many a new mound can I count, dotted here and there among the tall rank grass. Who among those I knew has found a 'resting-place in those dark mansions?' Yes, there are the flowers blooming still upon the little grave where my childish affection planted them. A tear is already on my cheek, at the remembrance of him who sleeps beneath. But his spirit is in the bright realms above; he is a cherub in heaven. Why are some taken so early to bloom in beauty where flowers never fade, whilst others are left to sigh amidst decay, and change, and death?

• Now the meadow is in view, and the silvery stream winding round

and round ; the gurgling brook on the other side of the hill, the mountains so green in their summer verdure, and the blue peaks far away in the distance.

Sweet and bitter thoughts come crowding thick and fast. The garden brings back all those sad and pleasant hours, and the flowers do not seem to have changed, or even to have ceased blooming. The tulips are as bright, the great bunches of peonies still stand sentinels at the entrance of the broad alley, and there is the 'live forever,' as bright and green as in the days of its youth.

The cottage has grown gray, and the little elm in front has grown large, and the large one at the corner is a great tree with broad spreading branches.

I ran into the house, and was greeted kindly by the old lady, whom I had never seen before, and as I glanced about, there seemed an air of comfort, an indefinable something in the atmosphere that said : Oh ! it is different from what it used to be, and pleasanter. The chairs do not stand so prim all round the sides of the room ; things do not look quite so bright, perhaps, but as if they might possibly move without creaking and croaking so as to set one's teeth on edge.

In a few moments I was at the top of the hill, and instantly my eye was attracted by a new feature far away at the foot of the mountain. I remembered lying on the grass one sultry summer-day, and seeing the thick smoke rise from out the dense forest, and then the bright blaze start up and quickly spread, and soon I heard the crashing and rolling of falling timbers, and in a day or two an open space was visible, and they told me it was a clearing. Now there were houses scattered about here and there, with roofs of bright new shingles, gleaming in the rays of the setting sun, fields of grain and green clover, and others with the dark turf newly broken by the plough.

My thoughts were a long time busy with the people who dwelt there, and who had, in so little time, made the desert a fruitful field, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose. How long I sat within the little bower, sheltered by the trellised weeds, and gazed on the quiet yet varied scene, my senses bewildered as I luxuriated in those rural sights and sounds.

I lingered till night had begun to draw her sable curtains, and then entered again the cottage to seek my little room, and revel anew in the sunny dreams of childhood. But sleep was a long time visiting my eyelids that night : a thousand images were floating before me, and the old clock in the kitchen corner, where it had stood for half-a-century, I could distinctly hear as it struck one, two, three, and I was still tossing restlessly on my pillow.

It seemed as if I had scarcely fallen into a gentle slumber when the little birds were twittering at the open window, and the robins and bobolinks were singing merrily in the tall trees. I arose and felt that I was at home.

For several days I was sufficiently busy in getting settled and seeing the neighbors, and then came the wearisome monotony of nothing especial to do. I could scarcely go out because there was no one to accom-

pany me, and the rambles of childhood had lost their interest, though in reality the scene had little changed.

The old lady who superintended the house-keeping, I liked exceedingly ; she was good-humored and indulgent, and in conversation upon all ordinary matters, an agreeable companion ; but the thoughts and feelings and aspirations which were brooding in my heart, would have been incomprehensible to her ; and I never intimated that I had a wish ungratified, or that in the long catalogue of blessings there was one I would wish added to my own. And indeed in some respects I was peculiarly blessed, and far more pleasantly situated than ever before for enjoying peace and all the little comforts of life. I knew it, and felt self-reproached for not being perfectly contented and happy, and no one could wonder more than myself why I was not. To what was this strange restlessness owing ? A something inseparable to human nature, or a dissatisfaction engendered by a false education ? It certainly had neither been created nor nourished in me by romances and a life of frivolity.

So passed a year, in which I was happy as the world defines happiness, and in which there were not in my cup any drops of positive misery. I could write as many letters as I chose, and receive them too : they were never inspected, and never inquired about. To my brother I wrote of my loneliness and my occupations, of the books I read, of my walks, and what was in the newspapers ; and to my cousin, of my dreams, and received corresponding replies, and though not always understood, I was never reproached, and the feelings thus poured out had no power to corrode. My brother loved me because he had nothing else to love. Though intelligent, handsome, and prosperous, he was not attractive to ladies, and consequently not embroiled in flirtations, to which they are usually the tempters, and for marriage he was not ready. But he did not love me as I loved him, though his professions amounted to idolatry. During his short visits we were inseparable : he brought me books, and filled my table with magazines, and I revelled freely in his caresses. When he left me it was like casting me back into the dark pit from which my struggles had for a little while set me free. Then I became used to the darkness, and dreamed on as before.

I as seldom saw a gentleman as a wild animal of the woods, either because I was no object of attraction, or there was a sort of tacit understanding that they would not be welcome.

So it was with infinite surprise that the old lady came to me one day with the announcement that a stranger, Mr. D —, wished to see me. He was a gentleman whom I had often met during the last year or two at my aunt's, and one whom she paid the compliment of liking. It was another strange phase of her character that she never recovered from her youthful loss of admiration. She could never have been beautiful, yet there might have been something cheering in her vivacity when she strove to please, and she never ceased striving. It was marvellous how ill she succeeded, how utterly impossible it seemed for her to win love. Then I could not solve the mystery ; but now I know the obstacle was her jealous anxiety and over-striving, her desire to be loved rather than to be what people love !

Mr. D — had understood this, and reasoned that in order to win any thing of which she had the disposal, he must first win her ; and had his ambition been the possession of herself, he could not have been a more assiduous devotee at her shrine. I sat in their presence as mute as if I had not the organs of speech, and my presence was scarcely more acknowledged than if I had been a statue. It had not crossed my mind that I was an object of interest, and I had often noticed him paying attentions to others, which indicated more than ordinary regard ; had even heard he was engaged ; and to neither one story nor the other had given a thought. What could have induced him to come a hundred and fifty miles out of his way to give me a call, I could not imagine.

I had, in some measure, recovered from the embarrassment and awkwardness which the restraint of years had thrown around me, and descended to the parlor with a frankness due to one who had been the friend of my aunt, and a frequent guest at her table.

He remained to tea, and was received by my father with his ordinary civility. A few indifferent questions were asked and answered, and we were left again to ourselves.

It was July, and this was a delicious evening ; we walked into the garden, where, with pride and enthusiasm, I expatiated upon the features of the lovely landscape, and was delighted with the expressions of admiration the scene elicited from one who had travelled much and could not be a partial judge. He had been in Italy and seen the gorgeous sunsets of that eastern clime, but assured me he had never beheld any thing more beautiful than the rich crimson which was bathing the distant mountain, and the golden splendor of the over-hanging clouds.

When the shadows gathered, he bade me good evening, saying he might be detained in town a day or two on business, and would call again.

My monotony had been interrupted, and I could not help thinking, in a very pleasant way. I began to feel as if there might be something about me beside awkwardness and dulness, and before I retired that night, spent a longer time than usual in my dressing-gown and shawl, with my elbow on the little table by the window looking out into the moon-light, while my head rested listlessly upon my hand. My feelings I could not define.

The next day my step was lighter as I performed my usual avocations, and my heart sometimes beat quickly, though I could not tell why. I tarried longer at the glass, and blushed as I thought of the reason, for it did not require any very scientific analyzation of what was going on within, for me to see why, for the first time in my life, I studied to look well.

Long before it was possible for any body to think of calling, I was seated at the window, but not in the parlor, lest I should *seem* to be watching, but in an upper room that commanded a view of a long length of street, and commenced sewing with amazing dexterity, but with a zeal which expended itself in something beside stitches. When an hour had passed away, I was scarcely nearer the end of my seam than when I began. The landscape was more than usually attractive,

yet it was long before any individual object of interest presented itself, and I really began to fear lest I had been forgotten, and to tremble lest I must return to my monotony again.

But there was an end to my anxious waiting at last ; and the little girl who washed dishes and answered the summons of the bell, came to say some one wished to see me. I was very busy when she entered, at least, and wondered who it could be, as if I had not a suspicion, and walked slowly down-stairs.

All my lessons in seeming had perhaps prepared me to be able to assume the indifference so necessary to young ladies when conscious of a new and strange feeling like this which was dawning in my heart ; and I am sure I was not guilty of betraying it at this time, or during the many successive calls with which I was favored, while my friend was detained by business in our village. But at length he departed, and I was alone again, with a more oppressive loneliness. Had I really the power of pleasing, of being agreeable ? One who had seen much of the world appeared to enjoy my conversation, and I had been granted a pleasure which it would be impossible for those to appreciate who are born in society and accustomed to its homage.

Now commenced those intense longings for something indefinite and unattainable — a terrible dissatisfaction with self and its surroundings, which made every hour of time a weight, and ordinary people and conversation insipid and unendurable.

I had listened to no declaration : no words of love or passion had been poured into my ears. I had only been treated for a few days as others are treated all their lives ; yet there was something which whispered that a more than ordinary interest had been awakened in another heart for me, and had found me perhaps too ready to reciprocate it. I had heard men *en masse* alluded to as monsters, and dared not indulge the thought of trusting one, and was almost frightened at my degeneracy, to find my thoughts inclined to dwell upon the possible future which might be the consequence of this pleasant acquaintance. Then came the questions of why and wherefore this silence, these inuendoes about what every body experienced and every body desired ?

I heard a good and eminent divine once say that 'it was quite proper for a young lady to pray for a good husband ! but he was the only one I ever heard speak on the subject who did not denounce as immorality even the thought of a husband. Nothing would have emboldened me to make such a prayer, though I entered into my closet and shut my door, and lifted my thoughts only to Him who seeth in secret and rewardeth openly ! The certainty that my prayer would not only be heard but answered, would not have given me strength for its utterance. I endeavored, too, to regulate my thoughts, so that they should not sin against these established rules of delicacy, but in spite of myself they were continually suggesting themselves.

I had been accustomed to hear a great deal of nonsense and foolish bantering among girls of my own age, who were thinking of nothing but beaux, and until they were fairly married or engaged, denying that they even speculated upon such subjects. It was a continual matter of wonder to me why this was a banished subject from all sober and

honest conversation ; why a subject on the right understanding of which depended the happiness of every human being, should be thus proscribed ; why those who considered it a most important and solemn thing, should never introduce it upon any important and solemn occasion, and the young and gay and thoughtless should be left exclusively to dwell upon it, without one word of proper or useful advice.

A wise philosopher says, 'The reason love-stories are universally read in preference to any thing else, is, that they are more universally understood.' The more 'true to nature' a novel is, the more it is approved. True to nature means that it accords with the actual experience of human beings. They have been, as yet, almost the only books in which the young find portrayed the workings of the affections ; in which they see hearts like their own, thoughts and feelings such as they are conscious of possessing, and which they cannot crush or overcome. It cannot be expected that enthusiastic minds and warm hearts will be contented without sympathy upon a subject which, in spite of all prohibitions, will ever be to them the most intensely interesting.

The only young lady I was intimate with was engaged, and was ever wishing that I was too, that I might understand her happiness, which consisted, she said, more in being at rest and feeling that the future was settled, than in any positive bliss she found in the new relationship. I had an indefinite idea that this was not all that was necessary in such a contract, but still had not the experience which confirmed it.

I had been conscious of pleasing and being pleased, but for many months there were no demonstrations of any thing more. The little episode which had disturbed my dreams was soon forgotten as a reality, and I returned to my books and my embroidery with new resolutions to be content.

I had never learned much at school, though I had passed a faultless examination in many books. I had learned to repeat like a parrot, seldom making the ideas of others my own, and more seldom developing any thing like originality. I had not been taught to think : no object of thought had been given me ; no purpose had been set before me in life that could awake the energies of mind or body. I existed, but I did not live. I knew now that what I longed for was activity.

The house-keeper who cared for my childhood, and my aunt who directed me in girlhood, were very scrupulous about the line of demarcation between the sports and occupations of girls and those of boys ; and to play in the open air was considered a boy's prerogative ; and nothing that boys used in playing — ball or hoops or sled — must be touched by girls. They must sit in the house and sew and knit, and for amusement dress and dandle dolls. When their tastes had out-grown this, they might read a little ; but it was waste of time to be long engaged in any thing that was not remunerative labor. Girls and women must be delicate, at the risk of life and health and happiness. I wonder why, if this is necessary to woman's honor, that she was not so constituted that inactivity is sufficient for her, and with nerves and muscles that would remain firm in the wearisome monotony of an idle and useless existence.

I had no love of knowledge for its own sake, but I had ambition and pride, and did not wish to seem ignorant. So the next year I devoted to study, with my own perseverance for aid, and found it better than any teacher, and marvelled at my powers of acquiring, when entirely self-relying.

‘Dear me, what’s the use of knowing so much?’ the old lady, whom I had become accustomed to call Aunt Ida, from the familiarity which had grown up between us, would exclaim; ‘you are not going to be a school-ma’am, and will have no use for learning.’

‘But does no body need learning except those who are to be school-ma’ams?’

‘Why, what’s the use? Women do not need book-knowledge to teach them how to keep house, and that’s what women have to do.’

‘Sometimes, and sometimes they do not have houses to keep; what shall they do then?’

‘Those that are obliged to work for a living can sew; but you are not. You are independent yourself: your father is well off, and you have a brother to take care of you.’

‘But riches take to themselves wings and flee away. Death comes, and does not always take those who are most willing to go. You once had a house of your own, and now you are alone in the world; perhaps I shall be; and it must be pleasanter to teach than to sew. I confess I should not like to support myself with my needle.’

‘It is no disgrace,’ exclaimed my friend, with a little irritation in her tone.

‘Not any, dear Aunt Ida; yet it is a hard life; and you know that even in our republican country there is a sort of caste, and a seamstress is not thought in quite so high a position as a teacher; or one who keeps house.’ I had begun to fear the good lady was thinking I classed all who supported themselves as a little inferior, and added the last clause to reassure her. A gleam of complacency immediately crossed her shadowed face, and she replied:

‘Well, I think it is very foolish for you to be troubling yourself about ever coming to want. It is time enough to think about calamities when they are here.’

‘No, I think it is better to provide for them. How many poor women might have been independent in spite of misfortune, if they had only thoroughly believed misfortune could come to them? How many widows are reduced to want, and ——’

‘And — you expect to be a widow, with all the rest?’

‘No, I have not ever thought of getting married myself. You know beaux are prohibited articles here; and I go nowhere else to meet such monsters.’

‘I wonder what has become of Mr. D ——,’ said the good lady: ‘I thought, after coming so far and staying so long, he would return.’

‘I don’t know: he said he came on business; and I suppose business has not called him this way again. I have thought nothing about it.’

This I added, to be sure and convey the impression that I had felt no particular interest in him, though I had thought of him every day

and hour. It was not necessary ; for my companion had not very quick perceptions ; but my womanly instincts prompted me to guard against suspicion. (Is it instinct or education ?)

I had not neglected any duty to nurse these wandering thoughts, but had, on the contrary, worked more systematically, and with marvellous results in the way of acquirements. I was in no danger of pining in sickly sentimentalism — no danger of seriously loving any body who did not love me, or profess to. ‘I wish something would happen to vary the monotony. Do you ever feel lonely, Aunt Ida, and wish for change ?’

‘No,’ she said ; ‘I prefer solitude, and think it most profitable.’

I had no good reason to give for not preferring it, or for thinking it not the most profitable ; and as both the religious and moral code of the good lady were derived from long-standing authorities, which it would have been treason and sacrilege in me to dispute, I said nothing ; and just at that moment our colloquy had a pleasant interruption.

The bell rang ; and as I listened, I heard a voice I knew, long as it had been since its accents fell on my ears. It was not in my power now to assume indifference when summoned, nor when I entered the parlor to see Mr. D —.

I was conscious of the crimson blush and the hesitating manner, but I was also aware that I was not alone embarrassed. A few commonplace remarks were all that seemed likely to make up our conversation, as much material as there really was for us to use in a first interview, coming as he did from the village where I spent so many years, and where there were so many mutual objects of interest.

At length the question came abruptly : ‘Why did you not answer my letter ?’

‘I never received any,’ I replied.

He looked relieved ; for now he was at least permitted to imagine it was not unwelcome.

‘I wrote one,’ he said, ‘soon after I left here ; and thought I would come and see why you slighted your friend.’

I said nothing.

‘It is a delightful afternoon ; will you take a ride ?’ was the next proposition.

To which I hesitatingly responded in the affirmative.

As this was a step which required some volition on my part, I could not take it without assuming responsibility ; and it was the first time I had ventured beyond the walls with a gentleman.

And that ride ! what a revelation did it bring to me. I was not prepared for it : it was premature.

‘I have something to tell you,’ he said ; ‘but I fear it will not please you.’

‘How is it possible you can say what will displease me ?’

There was a pause, and then he said :

‘I think I will defer it, and tell you in a letter.’

‘But the letter may share the fate of the other, and I may thus never know. Oh ! proceed ; I think my anger will not be mortal.’

I really had not a suspicion what I was to hear ; and when he slowly

and solemnly added : 'It is, that I love you !' I was petrified, and by no effort could open my lips. Then followed the still more incredible intelligence, that during the two years before I left my aunt's, he had tried in every possible way to make me understand his preference, and to elicit some proof that I was not quite indifferent ; and to all I had been, or would seem, deaf and dumb and blind. He then came to me determining upon the declaration, but my frozen ways, deprived him of the power, and he deferred it to be written. The letter I did not receive ; and with not a gleam of hope, he came again, and now would know if it must be in vain.

Where, indeed, had been my eyes and ears, during all those revelations of look and tone, 'more eloquent than language,' that I had never suspected their import ? I had become an automaton, and so thoroughly believed myself the uninteresting, undesirable thing I was so often represented, that I looked for nothing but neglect.

Mr. Dunstan, for that was his name, was my ideal of a manly-looking man, tall and finely-built, with rich masses of dark-brown hair, shadowing a brow deep and broad, and an eye of clear, deep blue, that did not gleam or sparkle beneath its long, dark lash, but calmly spoke of truth and lofty aims—of a heart to be trusted in all and through all, and a man wholly to be loved.

But I did not yet love him. In love at first sight, I do not believe, nor in any love that is not the growth of culture, which is not the fruit of congeniality, the result of interchange of thought and feeling. He had studied me with reference to this event ; had put questions and elicited remarks, but I had bestowed upon him no thought that prepared me to reciprocate the interest he expressed.

My confused thoughts were rallied by the murmurings of despair, and I stammered '*Time*,' which shed a gleam of hope upon his shadowed face ; and soon we parted, with the day appointed to meet again ; and I hastened to my lonely room to gather strength to analyze and ponder.

No woman will confess herself indifferent to an offer, and especially to the first. I must confess to being in a sort of delirium, almost wild with excitement. To be assured that I was loved, and by one who had known me long and well ; by one who did not speak meaningless words ! Soon it began to assume the appearance of a dream. There came a cloud upon my joy, an incubus upon my spirits ; a something whispered, it was a vain dream for me ; and I awoke to the reality which I had well-nigh forgotten, that there was another to consult in an affair like this.

I descended to tea with no trace of bewilderment or of happiness upon my face, but there was a frown upon the one I met, and I saw that I had presumed too far.

Now came back with double weight the old feeling of restraint and depression, and to think of opening my heart was like crucifying it. I already felt the spear and the nails ; and the cup which, a moment ago, was so sweet, was turned to bitterness. Would it not be better to dash it from my lips ? If done by my own hands, there might still be left the taste of the nectar, and the draught, though meagre, might still refresh me. But then came thought of what might be, in contrast with the dreary, objectless, famishing life I led. I had not

strength to put away the boon, and the more I thought of it the more sweet it seemed. Life no longer seemed a desert, and the aching void in my heart was filled. There came over my restless spirit a quiet, as if I had swallowed an opiate, that was not lethargy, but repose ; that was not dreamy listlessness, but the lull of anxiety, a taste of happiness which was provided 'for mortals here below.' Oh ! why is it permitted to so few ?

But I must not dwell on so bright a vision, till I had learned whether I should be permitted, and how should I ascertain it ? Between my father and me there had never been an hour's familiar conversation. He had commanded me, but never counselled me. He had given me food and clothes and schools and books. It had been one of the family habits to attend church punctually, and as it was the only variety of the week, I had never thought of it as onerous. This was the only occasion for dressing, the only occasion for studying physiognomy, the only opportunity of meeting people and seeing variety. I never thought of listening to the preaching, and attached very little meaning to the services, never doubting that ours was the only true way, and all who believed otherwise were deluded heretics.

No intimation had I ever received that my soul was suspected of a want that was not supplied. I lived as thousands of others lived : why was it not enough ? No explanation would make it clear ; so I can only say it was not enough, and should not be for any human heart.

I knew the qualifications which would be considered necessary in my husband, and began forthwith to think whether he possessed not only what would be sufficient in my eyes, but in those of another. That he was a man of Christian principle and moral integrity, would not weigh a feather ; but whether he was whig or democrat, how much money he had at interest, and what was his standing in the world. These were the 'weighty matters of the law,' and these were points concerning which I had no knowledge, except the last, and congratulated myself that on this, I could satisfy the most exacting world-worshipper. But how should I ever commence the story ?

The ride was on Saturday, and I should have all of Sunday and Monday, and half of Tuesday, before another meeting with my lover. But I could not endure suspense, and beside, could not well decide whether he was acceptable in my own eyes, till free from the doubt whether I should be permitted to act according to the instincts God had given me.

At length, I concluded to write. I could say it better in a letter, and should thus get rid of the stammering and trembling and blushing inseparable from a verbal communication. So, after spoiling a dozen sheets of paper, I finished a short but very comprehensive note, and thought, in my simplicity, it must have the effect to soften the heart to which it was affectionately and feelingly addressed.

Aunt Ida had 'guessed what was going on,' but permitted no sign of intelligence to evince her surmises. I read her the letter, and asked her what she supposed my father would say.

'Say !' she exclaimed ; 'I can't tell what he will say, but of course he will have no objection. Mr. Dunstan is a likely young man : what more can he ask ?'

Kind soul, she had lived with us ten years, and had never imagined the dark gulf which separated our hearts and checked all sympathy. I had always spoken of him in terms of affection and respect, and she could not see that there was any thing lacking.

I made a book the bearer of my dispatches, placing it where I knew it would be taken up while I was gone to church on Sunday morning, and quietly departed.

If I had been called upon for an analysis of the sermon that day, I fear it would have been a very imperfect one I should have given; though I endeavored very perseveringly to untangle the thread of the discourse, as a diversion from the train of thought in my own mind, from which, however interesting, I was inclined to recoil as from an enchanted demon.

But the fate of my letter, and the reliability of my presentiments, must be deferred to the next chapter.

MABEL MORE.

I DID not care: I knew full well
'T was only arch coquetting,
And since she said she loved but me,
I did not dream of fretting.
Her smile and glance were Truth herself,
That left no room for doubting:
I'd rather kiss her cherry lips
Than curl my own in pouting.

The morning came that bore away
My own, my dearest MABEL,
And fickle whirled, I recollect,
The cock that topped the gable.
O MABEL MORE! for me no more
That smile of thine should ripple:
My name that on thy heart was wrought
Was only done in stipple.

Miss MORE no more! mine nevermore!
I found thee false and fickle,
And I was but a man of straw,
Thy summer time to tickle:
For seven days of weary time
The news from MABEL carried,
That she to Mr. JOHNSON SMITH
The day before was married.

The *why* was plain, O MABEL MORE!
For he was rich, though wilted;
And so she snapped her solemn vows,
And married SMITH, the jilt did.
But rich as was her Mr. SMITH,
I envy not his pleasure,
Nor ever think to hate the man
For filching such a treasure.

T H A T T O N E .

BY HELEN M. LADD.

ERE a cloud had shadowed our morning,
Ere a thorn in our path-way grew ;
Ere the world had taught us its scorning
Of all that is good and true ;
When care had hardly a seeming,
When doubt had hardly a name,
When the hues of our fancy dreaming
Were never of wealth or fame :

In the days of our sunny childhood,
When our cabinet was run o'er
With the blossoms of meadow and wild-wood,
And pebbles from off the shore ;
When weepings in sorrow and sadness
Our little life never had known,
We listened in joy and in gladness
To a soft and musical tone.

Then visions of bliss were round us,
And joy-wreathed spirits were ours ;
For Hope and Love had crowned us
With seemingly fadeless flowers.
So we built to ourself an Eden,
And said : 'T will be always day ;
For much to our heart is given,
And naught shall be taken away.'

But the angels among their number
Had missed that musical tone,
And they came 'mid his gentle slumber,
Claiming our own, their own.
Then the evenings were draped in sorrow,
The mornings were shrouded in grief ;
No hope could we build on the morrow,
Because of our unbelief.

So we wailed in our desolate spirit,
We moaned in our helpless pain ;
We prayed that the LORD might hear it —
'Give us our own again :'
For the roots of our faith were shaken ;
Despair encircled our brow :
Our all had the MASTER taken ;
Oh! nothing was left us now.

But once in our desolate dreamings
We listened to that dear tone,
And the eye with its purified gleamings
Looked earnestly into our own.
In its sanctified depths was written
Rebuke for our waning trust,
And our penitent soul was smitten
Down, down to the sister dust

We wailed in our sorrow no longer;
 A ray in the future gleamed;
 The roots of our faith grew stronger
 The rougher our pathway seemed:
 For now to our heart is given
 Sweet memory of that tone,
 Which woos us toward yon heaven
 Where at last we may claim our own.

North-Hero, (Vermont.)

REMINISCENCES OF 'THE SOUTHERN TIER.'

NUMBER TWO.

For a long time we had among us, in 'the Southern Tier,' a jolly, eccentric Irishman, who kept a public-house at Bath and Elmira, and subsequently at Albany and Auburn, and, I believe, is now located at Batavia.

He had seen much of the world, was exceedingly fond of good cheer, and was much appreciated as a boon-companion, though said to be somewhat aristocratic in his notions, and very hostile to the democratic habit of spitting tobacco upon his floors, and could not abide a traveller who ventured to his door with a hair-trunk. It is said of him, that when he figured as 'mine host of the Eagle,' at Elmira, he refused to step to the door to receive the Canal Commissioners of Pennsylvania, who had come into our State on a visit of inspection of our canals, simply because they drove up to his door in a common lumber-wagon, which was the only vehicle they could procure on the Pennsylvania frontier. He had observed their arrival while standing at a window, and when told by a citizen who they were, he replied: 'You are mistaken, they are not persons of reputation, as none but loafers travel with *hair-trunks*.' When satisfied, by the attention shown by the citizens who knew them and were expecting their arrival, that they were no impostors, he gradually unbent, and treated them with the suavity and kindness for which he is so justly esteemed; though still protesting against their *equipage*.

The celebrated N. P. Tallmadge once stopped at his house in Elmira, while on a tour of 'stumping the State:' on calling for his bill at his departure, our jolly Boniface told him there was no charge against him; for, said he, 'it is seldom we have such distinguished gentlemen among us.' It is said, however, that the 'distinguished' ex-Senator had serious doubts whether it should be considered 'a censure or a compliment!'

While the proprietor of one of the hotels at the county-seat of a neighboring county, during the sitting of one of the courts, he applied to the cashier of the village-bank for a supply of small change, which

was very desirable to him in settling with his customers. The cashier, probably annoyed by the frequent applications of this kind from all the village establishments, exhibited some little unwillingness to accommodate him, and intimated that banks were not established for the exclusive purpose of furnishing small change in the country. This irritated the 'Major,' for so he is called; and he resolved upon revenge. He soon after appeared at the counter of the bank, with a roll of its bills in his hand, to demand *specie* for them. Deeming it a matter of some moment, which required unusual ceremony, the Major, to give the greater importance to the occasion, (as he tells the story,) brought to his aid all the erudition he possessed, and determined to 'make the demand in Latin,' thus expecting to terrify or awe the offending cashier, for whose daily annoyance 'the Major' seemed to have but little sympathy. Throwing down the bills, or 'dirty rags,' as he termed them, and assuming a heroic attitude, he thundered out his demand: '*Honos, bonos, crocus metallorum.*' On being asked the effect of this strange proceeding, 'the Major' replied: 'Why, what could the man do? He felt his want of education, and at once forked over the specie.'

A good story is told of his successor in the house which the Major then occupied. He, too, was a man of generous and social impulses, and had shown his disposition in freely bringing out his bottles, without charge, when any of his village neighbors happened to step in — he partaking with them, or setting the example, and inviting them to drink. Some of his friends, knowing the kindness of the man, became apprehensive that it might eventually induce in him the habit of tipping, while it would affect his pecuniary prospects, ventured to remonstrate with him in a kindly manner. These were frequently urged without effect. One of the most esteemed and venerated of the villagers called upon him, and in his gentlemanly and solemn manner, warned him against a habit which he feared was growing upon him, and might injure his usefulness and standing in society. This brought to his mind the previous warnings of others, and he became convinced that a concert of action existed among his friends; he began to view it as a matter of serious concern, and was not a little depressed when he saw the kindness intended by the proceeding. After a moment's reflection, he replied: 'Well, Mr. H —, you may be right. I am satisfied that your solicitude proceeds from kind motives; you all tell me how much *I drink*, but not a man among you thinks of *how dry* I am.'

We have still among us, in *Chemung* county, a citizen, whose history is so intimately connected with that of the *town* and *county* of Chemung, that they seem almost inseparable. Possessing a strong and energetic mind, a great fund of common-sense, much soundness of judgment, extensive general information acquired by several years' service in the Legislature of the State as a member of the House and of the Senate, the polish of 'a gentleman of the old school,' though an unassuming and energetic farmer, Judge McD — is universally esteemed. A man of much wit and humor, his love of fun and jollity always gathers around him a crowd of choice spirits wherever he goes; and on

such occasions, he is the soul and spirit of the assemblage. Many amusing anecdotes are related of him, which would fill a volume. One I will venture to give, as it is characteristic of the man, and exhibits his warm attachment to the place of his residence, and probably of his birth, and his hostility to useless innovation, being eminently conservative in all his feelings. The 'township of Chemung,' as originally laid out by the State Commissioners in 1788, included the territory from the easterly line of Steuben on the Chemung River, to Owego Creek on the Susquehannah — a territory some forty-five miles in length by some ten or twelve wide.

The old town of *Chemung*, as erected by the Legislature in 1791, comprised territory now divided into ten towns

The Indian village of *Chemung* was located on the flats near the present village of Chemung, and was destroyed by the American troops under Gen. Sullivan, in 1779, and another called *New-Chemung*, or *New-Town*, was near the battle-ground on which Gen. Sullivan fought the Tories and Indians under Butler and Brant, a few days after.

The word *Chemung* is an Indian word, signifying *Big Horn*, and was given to the river, from the fact that a large horn was found by the Indians in its waters at an early day, and a similar one was found by some of the early settlers about the year 1791, in the same stream, in the present town of Chemung. The father of Judge McD — was captured by the Indians in 1782, and remained a long time a prisoner among them. He informed the writer (then a boy) that at Quebec he saw the horn which gave name to the river, and, as he represented, the *counterpart* of the one found by the whites soon after the first settlement of the country.

The Judge had frequently represented the town of *Chemung* (the place of his residence and that of his father) in the Board of Supervisors; had been active in the Legislature in reference to the *Chemung Canal*, and the erection of the county of *Chemung*, and was the first President of *The Chemung Canal Bank*. It is not strange, then, that his attachment to the *name* so intimately connected with his early and more mature associations, should be deeply seated.

Soon after the New-York and Erie Rail-road Company commenced operations, the Judge had occasion to visit Binghamton on business, and took his passage on the rail-road. When ready to return home, he took his seat in the train going West, which would pass through Chemung. The conductor called for the fare, when the Judge handed him the amount required, stating that his destination was *Chemung*. It seems that some of the employees of the road, in preparing the list of stopping-places and rates of fare, not possessing the love of ancient names which characterized the Judge, had arbitrarily left off the name of *Chemung*, and substituted what seemed to them to sound better, that of *Springville*. The conductor had but lately been placed on this route, and the name of *Chemung* was as *new to him* as was that of *Springville* to the Judge. Looking over his list, he told the Judge there was *no such place* as Chemung. Imagine the surprise of the Judge at this announcement. 'No such place as *Chemung*? Why, Sir, the name of Chemung was known, loved, honored, and cherished

by the early settlers, who now sleep in its soil, long years ago. The conductor asked on which side of *Waverley* it was located? This made matters much worse. 'Young man, you have much to learn: Chemung was known and had become a part of the history of the country long before Waverley or the New-York and Erie Rail-road was ever thought of. You had better ask *which side of Chemung Waverley is*. Sir, I will teach you and you employers that *there is a religion in old names!* What right have they to change *this loved and honored name*, rich in historic associations, for the unmeaning one of Springville? I will have it restored.' He then paid his fare to Elmira, *twelve miles beyond Chemung*, which he said should be the place of his arrival and departure, until the Erie Rail-road Company had learned where *Chemung* was. It is needless to say that the energy and perseverance of the Judge soon restored the time-honored *Chemung* to its appropriate place on the roll. The anecdote has been related by a friend of the Judge, who represents him as unacquainted with the meaning of *Chemung*, which is unjust to him, as he and his father have had too much to do with the '*Big Horn*,' to be ignorant on the subject. The one, *while a prisoner*, having seen *the original*, among the Ineians; the other, its *counterpart*, found near his residence.

N I G H T .

I.

THE pale moonlight holds sway to-night,
And all beneath is peace.
The worlds of light roll on in might
Above, where all is peace.

II.

The weary sleep, in slumbers deep,
And for a while have peace.
The sorrowing weep, and vigil keep;
They now may weep in peace.

III.

Above, around, nor sight nor sound
Breathes aught but rest and peace.
The grassy mound, the sky profound,
Tell of eternal peace.

IV.

O soul of mine! no more repine,
Striving in vain for peace.
Thy will resign to the Divine,
And thou shalt have God's peace.

E. N.

THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

O LOVELIEST lake of loveliest isle that lies beneath the sun !
 I've roamed around thy banks in life ; and when my race is run,
 I would it might be mine to rest beneath some branching tree,
 That watch would keep around my grave, and overshadow thee.
 Some drooping tree, around whose trunk the dark-green, graceful vine,
 Emblem of trust, of trust and truth, from age to age would twine.
 It may not be, this dearest wish, for I perforce must die
 In exile lone, and make my grave beneath a stranger sky.

THE VALE OF ECHOES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'BOARDING-SCHOOL SKETCHES.'

'WALLS have ears ;' yes, and tongues. After an absence of months I seat myself once more in my study, and numerous voices welcome me. The initials scratched carelessly upon the desk, the pictures hung around me, the books on the shelves, the indefinable *salute* of old associations, fills my mind with echoes — echoes of the days gone by. For what are memories but echoes of departed joys and sorrows ; and reveries are but the lengthened reverberations of sounds which rung upon our hearts in the hours of youth and gladness. Happy is the one who, standing upon the quick-sands of the present, not only hears echoes from the past, but sees rain-bows illumining the future.

Sweet is the music of these old-time melodies which chime from my study-walls, yet the echo-land of which I would write now is a veritable valley among the hills of Northern Jersey. Wearied by the insipidities of Saratoga, shocked by finding a heartless crowd even at Niagara, we longed for something quiet, entrancing, unique. The *Vale of Echoes*, which to our mind's eye had ever been pictured an Elysium by an enthusiastic friend, seemed to offer all the rest, the refreshment, the novelty desired.

'One day among the catamounts will suffice !' laughed vexatious Annie. 'You will find more screech-owls than echoes, and will soon tire of an 'Acadie' inhabited by mosquitoes and rattle-snakes.'

Nothing daunted, with too much pride to *seem* to believe inuendoes so fatal to our scheme of enjoyment, in a mood to be charmed with every thing save the rattle-snakes, we reached the valley at the witching hour of even-tide. Over all was the weird charm of deceptive indistinctness ; and suddenly there streamed across the road, with a startling effect, the red light from a furnace that was forging something

quite as terrible as thunder-bolts, judging from the Satanic appearance of the Mulciber and attendant Cyclops.

The bright September sun awoke us in the morning. Our good landlady spread a repast for us which would honor a more ambitious *ménage* than Underhill-Cottage, after which we started out upon a tour of exploration. The *coup d'œil* from the cottage-door was thrilling. Above us frowned Piccatinny, as noble a bluff as ever reared itself toward the skies. On every side towered wooded hills, encasing the valley in nature's most exquisite frame-work. A limpid stream wound through the meadows, away, away toward its sister rivulet, with which it would soon unite to form the Rockaway. The air was nectarean; the scene about us, more than our wildest hope had pictured it; the groves vocal with the morning salutations of the forest-choir.

'Our Arcadia was no Utopian fancy!' cried I exultingly: 'but tell us, Edgar, where's the echo?'

'So you do not believe the echo-stories I have told you: come this way:' and he piloted us around the gloomy old forge, along a singing race-way, up past the smoking lime-kiln. We forgot the echoes, the scene at the head of the valley was so unlooked-for, so magnificent. A lake gemmed with islands lay in the embrace of the rocky hills.

'O Milly!' exclaimed Julia, with a long-to-be remembered (characteristic) grasp upon my arm.

'O Julia!' screamed I; and sprang into the boat which rocked upon the waves just beneath it. Edgar unlocked the chain, and, seizing the oars, with a vigorous pull brought us way out among the water-lilies.

Enraptured with the beauty all around, we spoke not a word, when suddenly Edgar shouted, 'Good-morning!' and Piccatinny answered, 'Good-morning, good-morning!' which the opposite mountains repeated, 'Good-morning, good-morning!' and when all these had died away, some musical hill, so far distant that we could not locate it, clearly responded, 'Good-morning!'

'Good-morning!' 'Good-morning!' cried Julia and I, in the fulness of our joy. We could never tire of awakening those thrilling echoes. Well named is that liquid mirror, Echo Lake.

The sun-set found us again in the boat, our party increased by the amiable summer-residents of Cliffwood Cottage. Mrs. R—— brought her guitar, and sang with all the sweet enthusiasm inspired by the hour, the scene. Little Willie listened earnestly to the songs of his mother, and when she paused, laughed out, 'Halloo-a!' 'Halloo-a!' answered Piccatinny faintly; for the boy's voice was scarcely above a Canary's note.

'Who is that, Willie?' asked his mamma, with questioning eyes.

'Man in the woods!' lisped the young mountaineer; for he had called to him daily, and loved the civil back-woodsman, who never failed to reply when properly spoken to.

The stars were gleaming when we returned to the shore. 'You have not named the new boat, Milly. That honor is reserved for you,' said its master; so, after some consultation, we all agreed upon 'Star-Light'; and the little bark was duly christened.

On the morrow a grand excursion was planned to the top of Piccatinny. A four-mule team drew a large wagon to the door, and our party, numbering six, seated themselves as best they might, for an ascent which had never before been attempted.

'Those folks are fixing for an up-set,' said our hostess, placing her arms a-kimbo, and staring after us as though never expecting to see us again alive.

'Is the boss crazy?' exclaimed the wise old forge-men, as the mules trotted off with their precious load.

The driver ran along beside his beasts, until we came to the turn-up place, politely called a road; when the donkeys would not go. After much persuasion, entreaty, *feeling* appeals, etc., they started up the mountain on a run. They kept the track much better than reasonable people could have expected, but we did not pretend to be reasonable; and Julia screamed, 'You wretched animals!' while little Willie laughed bravely as the boughs swept off our sun-bonnets and gipsy-flats. The end-board flew out as we rattled over stones, rocks, and even bore down young saplings in our march.

'Never mind what goes,' said Edgar, 'if we do not lose the dinner-basket.'

The woods were thick on every side, and sometimes the road (?) lay not through but *over* a young forest. The mules, encouraged by Sam in various ways, dashed down the slender stems, while the great wheels snapped trunks of several inches in diameter.

Bung! went the wagon: it had met a stout tree which was 'too much for it.' The axe was in readiness, the birch was felled, and the mules trotted on; while thump, thump, thump, jogged the wagon; and we reached the brink of Piccatinny! A single mis-step now, one unskilful revolution of the wheels, would plunge us down a perpendicular height of some hundreds of feet. Gladly we alighted, while Sam guided his animals off into the thicket.

Now our eyes roamed over the whole extent of Clifford Valley, and away toward other valleys, other forges, other lakes glistening in the sun-light. Surely if our country possesses any of the charm of Switzerland, it is among these hills, the continuation of our own Highlands on the Hudson. The view from Piccatinny is of the same character as that from Mount Holyoke, which we had ascended a few weeks previous, but not so extensive, being circumscribed by the surrounding hills.

The 'rolling-off place' afforded us continual amusement. The rocks thundered down with deep reverberation like booming cannon, then rattled as they broke upon other rocks like crackling grape-shot. Oh! the glory, the beauty, the enjoyment of that September day! Where, among the echoing memories of by-gone hours, is there one to surpass it? Nature was queen of the festival; and with willing homage to her sway we gathered around the rock which served as a festive-board, while Mrs. R — spread the noon collation so refreshing to our quickened appetites.

The descent of the mountain was made early in the afternoon, and the evening again found us upon Echo Lake. New beauty was dis-

covered continually. Now we found a place where a clearer echo could be obtained, now one where several notes were repeated, until, arriving opposite Lily Island, we rested on the oars enraptured. Five notes were repeated consecutively, by five successive echoes! 'I would like to know where you can find an equal to that?' cried the proud Laird of Cliffwood? 'Even the Old Man of the Mountains, whom tourists rave about, is eclipsed.'

What seemed most singular, the last echo was as clear as any previous one, and repeated the notes some seconds after the others. These echoes abound through all the valley, and to some extent in neighboring valleys. Nowhere, however, are they so clear and numerous as upon Echo Lake.

As we lay off Lily Point, Julia said: 'We must have an Echo-Song, expressly dedicated to this valley. What vale is more worthy?'

'And Annie shall set it to music, when we return home!' 'And Mrs. R — shall sing it!' said we all, as we impulsively dubbed the 'head-land,' toward which our boat had floated, *Cape Song*.

'I have a poet-friend!' 'And I!' 'And I!' said one and another.

But our poet-friends all decline writing *the* song until next summer, when they may have the inspiration of Cliffwood itself. In the mean time permit me to give you our own *impromptu*, which you may call a burlesque, if you please; for we confess that our rhymes were chosen with more regard to the peculiar lungs of Piccatinny than to the critical taste of the Knickerbockers. We set it in the key of D Major: the third and last line of each stanza go in this fashion:



List! on the hills ringing,
List! through the vales singing,
Hark! how it goes!
Whose is that voice we hear?
Half a laugh, half a tear —
Echo's, O Echo's!

'Man in the woods!' says Will:
'Halloo-a!' — 'Boy, be still!
'Tis Echo! Echo!
Wonderful Mountain-King!
Hark! that's his signet-ring' —
Echo! O Echo!

'Stop!' cries the brave boy, 'Stop!'
'Stop!' answers back the rock
Right up above us.
Old PICCATINNY aye
Holds *his* head haughtily:
Echo-lake loves us.

Rocks, like man, one cannot move;
Waves, like woman, are all love,
Scorning us never!
Thus 'tis with sigh and smile
We recall crag, wave, and isle:
Cliffwood for ever!

With a few dexterous strokes we gained Tiny-Island, and springing upon *terra* — any thing but *firma* — gave a cheer for the *Vale of Echoes*, and played battledore with Piccatinny and his suite, using words for shuttlecocks, until our soprano, contralto, and baritone were thoroughly fatigued, although the mountain-choir seemed not in the least exhausted.

Day after day glided past, crowded with enjoyment. Now we explored the neighboring iron-mines, to the infinite danger of being frightened to death, if not killed outright, by the subterranean horrors of those mighty artificial caves; now we spent a day upon Lake Hopatcong — how many echoes touch our hearts at the mention of that shining water! — now mounted on Don and Diamond, the proudest span in all the country round, we threaded the arched forest-avenues, as smooth as the drives in a gentleman's park, or scaled the dizzy mountain-sides, where lady-equestrian never before had ventured, to seek the wondrously beautiful lake reposing on the summit of these hills, without visible inlet, fed only by springs and the generous clouds.

Well may the Jersey-Blues boast their 'native land;' and when taunted by the finger of scorn pointing to their barren southern plains, turn proudly to their unequalled northern hills and lakes, around which cluster legends upon legends of the olden time, where mid-night skies glow with the flames from a hundred busy forges nourished by the rich veins of her unnumbered mines. There are grave-yards, too, dotting her hallowed soil, which are not filled alone by the *forgotten* dead. Heroes have expired upon Jersey battle-grounds, and her revolutionary history is inferior to that of no sister State. Here the stars and stripes waved triumphantly; here arose the rain-bow of hope which to-day spans our whole land. Thoughts like these rushed through our minds as our steeds tramped along the stony mountain-roads, or as we paused to tear away the moss from the dark slabs in a sequestered burial-place.

Reluctantly enough we left the Vale of Echoes. There were home duties calling us, and their voices drowned the pleadings of the echoing rocks, the murmuring waves, and whispering forest-boughs. We paused awhile at our old home just outside this range of northern hills, where echo upon echo rung upon our ears as we retraced the well-known paths, read the well-remembered names carved upon the cupola and on the walls of the vine-wreathed summer-house, or sought for the marks of our ambitious bullets in the target-trees of the grove across the stream, where we had marked out a primitive 'shooting-gallery.'

Night found us at home again. How joyous was the welcome given by one and all, as they crowded around to learn how we had passed the 'week in the woods.'

'A week in Paradise!' said Julia, humming over the last verse of our echo-song.

Another week, and one of our number had passed away to that unknown Echo-land whence there is no returning. Scarcely had the delight of our safe arrival, the joy of finding 'all well,' settled into a calm enjoyment, when suddenly, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the aged one of our family circle disappeared into the Vale of Shadows, leaving us the warning so to walk in the ways of righteousness, that when our steps are bidden to follow her, there be no dread upon us as the

echoes of our lives come rolling up to the throne of the GREAT ETERNAL.

By a beautiful coincidence, while we were tarrying at Cliffwood, a friend, unknowing its particular appropriateness, quoted to us in a letter the bugle-song of Tennyson, in the '*Princess*.' To make amends for our own unskilful notes, we will cite the closing stanza :

' O LOVE, they die in yon rich sky :
 They faint on hill, or field, or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever :
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying !'

Williamsburgh, (L. I.) March, 1856.

T H E D R U M M E R ' S B R I D E .

HOLLOW-eyed and pale
 At the window of a jail,
 Through her soft disheveled hair,
 A maniac did stare, stare, stare !
 At a distance down the street,
 Making music with their feet,
 Came the soldiers from the wars,
 All embellished with their scars,
 To the tapping of a drum,
 Of a drum ;
 To the pounding
 And the sounding
 Of a drum !
 Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum !
 Drum ! drum ! drum !

The woman heaves a sigh
 And a fire fills her eye,
 When she hears the distant drum ;
 She cries : ' Here they come ! here they come !'
 Then clutching fast the grating
 With eager, nervous waiting,
 See ! she looks into the air,
 Through her long and silky hair,
 For the echo of a drum,
 Of a drum ;
 For the cheering
 And the hearing
 Of a drum !
 Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum !
 Drum ! drum ! drum !

And nearer, nearer, nearer
 Comes, more distinct and clearer,
 The rattle of the drumming ;
 Shrieks the woman : '*He* is coming,
 He is coming *now* to me ;

Quick, drummer, quick! till I see!
And her eye is glassy-bright
While she beats in mad delight
To the rattle of a drum,
 Of a drum;
 To the rapping,
 Tapping, tapping
 Of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum!
 Drum! drum! drum!

Now she sees them, in the street,
March along with dusty feet,
As she looks through the spaces,
Gazing madly at their faces;
And she reaches out her hand,
Screaming wildly to the band;
But her words, like her lover,
Are lost beyond recover
 'Mid the beating of a drum,
 Of a drum;
 Mid the clanging
 And the banging
 Of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum!
 Drum! drum! drum!

So the pageant passes by,
And the woman's flashing eye
Quickly loses all its stare,
And fills with a tear, with a tear;
As, sinking from her place,
With her hands upon her face —
'Hear!' she weeps and sobs as mild
As a disappointed child:
Sobbing 'He will never come,
 Never come!
 Now, nor ever!
 Never, never
 Will he come,
With his drum, with his drum, with his drum!
 Drum! drum! drum!

Still the drummer up the street
Beats his distant, dying beat,
And she shouts, within her cell,
'Ha! they're marching down to hell,
And the devils dance and wait
At the open iron gate:
Hark! it is the dying sound
As they march into the ground,
To the ceasing of the drum,
 Of the drum;
 To the sighing
 And the dying
 Of the drum!
Of the drum, of the drum, of the drum!
 Drum! drum! drum!

J. W. G.

Zanesville, (Ohio.)

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART SIX.

OUR cars are a 'feature' in New-York life, as the newspapers say. I should rather call them a *limb*. It would be impossible to get on without them. Our distances have become so great, and our people so numerous, that no stages or cabs or coaches could accommodate us. If we continue stretching out upon this narrow island, what shall we come to? Perhaps the Harlem River! Perhaps a change in business hours. In the early days of New-York, men had their homes within a block of their counting-rooms or offices. The space between the breakfast-table and the work-shop was accomplished by the time the cobwebs of sleep were brushed from the brain.

Oh! the early hours for business. When I was a clerk, I used to be the envy of my fellow-clerks and the wonder of every body. 'How could I accomplish so much of daily routine, and yet find so much leisure? How did I manage to master the involutions of such masses of complexity and detail, and keep so calm and cool?' I was never hurried, always ready, always found time for every thing, and every thing under my care was done in its appropriate season. I was set down for a man of talent, great talent for dispatch of business. Had I adhered to an occupation to which I was adapted, I might have kept up the illusion to this day, and grown rich perhaps. At least, I might have been spared much pain and affliction my vagabond life has betrayed me into. Some fancied I worked late at the office, and outwatched the stars. This was an error. I left the office early, for a clerk. The whole secret lay in my early morning hours. For the purpose of rapidly disposing of business, I always found an hour at the desk before nine o'clock worth any other four in the day. Then the mind is calm, the head is cool, the thoughts clear, and the memory tenacious and exact. The ideas are easily concentrated, and the most confused and abstruse details assume order, and the guiding clue is readily detected. Later in the day, noise, interruptions, and a thousand disturbing influences dissipate the attention, distract the mind, and make fretful the temper that tries to resist them.

I once read law for a little period in the office of a gentleman now an eminent judge of this city, whose habits were the reverse of mine as I have described them. He kept very late hours in his study at night, and reached the office just before ten o'clock in the morning. He would then fly about the room from desk to table, and back again, in a nervous twitter. Some dozen people would be waiting to see him, and all spoke to him at once, and he answered all at once. It was hurry-skurry until he gathered up his papers and rushed away to the City-Hall and court-rooms. Half the time he forgot the papers he wanted most, and oftentimes he might have sent a clerk, and saved himself the trouble of going at all.

But he had not time to think of what he required done, or what he might leave undone. If engaged in a trial or an argument in court, there was always something he had forgotten, and his thoughts would stray away from the business in hand until he lost his presence of mind, often at a most critical period. When he returned to his office it was in the same mood — hurry, excitement, and anxiety. He had nothing but nerves, no phlegm, no composure, no serenity, *no time*. All day long it was the same. But for all this, it is not his real nature; and when the business of the day is over, and now he rides home in my car, he is quite calm and serene.

Capacity for detail is a useful, desirable, and much-coveted talent; but very often, I suspect, it is merely the result of a habit of doing things in season, and of beginning the business of the day early. On the contrary, the custom of late morning hours, and the vice of procrastination, beget an incapacity for the management of detail, make a man fidgety and nervous, take away his power of effectually disposing of business, or of clear, connected thought, muddle his brain and darken his memory, nay, I will add, carry many a fine fellow and capable man to a premature grave. All these results the 'magnificent distances' of our city are begetting among our citizens. 'Why don't you do this or that? Why don't you see me?' The universal answer is, 'I have no time.' The child gets 'no time' to visit his parent; the friend is a stranger to his friend, except as they meet in business. All the sweet family cares of the householder are intrusted to servants; for he has 'no time.' The thousand familiar trifles of domestic life, that go far to make up the honey of existence, are omitted from the catalogue of human affairs for want of time to give them attention. Domestic economy, from becoming impossible, is growing obsolete. Two or three hours each day are consumed in going to-and-fro from fire-side to ledger and from ledger to fire-side. This time being cut out of the best working part of the day in the morning and the better part of the social hours in the evening, leaves no time for pleasure.

We are sadly in want of a reformer who shall take in hand our new circumstances, and make us comfortable. At present, the business-man of 1856 in New-York is very far from it. Look at the merchants and professional men of former days. They were a hardy race. 'Born,' like some famous duchess whose name I forget, 'before nerves came into fashion,' there is no hurry or bustle in their gait or manner. They transacted vast affairs and amassed large wealth, while bankruptcies among them were comparatively rare. They found time to *think*; and a half-hour's *thought* is often more effectual in business than six weeks' hurried, ill-planned *labor*. I cannot believe they labored as assiduously or incessantly as the business-men of our day, yet I see no reason to doubt they effected as much. They lack the nervous quickness of the men of to-day, but to my thinking their sober judgment was more reliable. If they moved more slowly, they moved more steadily, and by looking carefully about them to see whither they were going, they lost less time in making up for improvident deviations from the true course.

There is my friend of 'CARCO. & COHN' memory, a type of the class I speak of. It is an early hour in the morning, but he has already taken his seat in my car. Time has furrowed his cheek, but he is hale

and hearty, merry as a cricket and chick as a bird. He goes down-town every morning at the same early hour, although no business calls him. He has a smile and a cheerful greeting for every body he meets, be it friend, acquaintance, or stranger. No moody cares knot his brow: he is no mere anatomy of man, whom fiery excitement and feverish anxiety has burnt out. He was formerly very extensively engaged as a merchant in this city. He amassed a large fortune by his care and assiduity and attention to business. Still I am told by those who knew him that he was always the same pleasant, happy being as now. There were many more such who have borne the heat and burthen of the day, and grown old gracefully. But I have my apprehensions as to whether the system of doing business in our days is not exacting from youth and middle-life some of the stamina that should be husbanded for declining years. I fear this feverish fretfulness that worries us at thirty will tell upon our constitutions at sixty.

PART SEVEN.

It seems to me one of the greatest draw-backs to the luxury of living in a great city, is the constant pressure of human suffering upon the sight. Not only have you the poor always with you, but the sick, the disabled, the decrepit, the oppressed, seem to swarm in the atmosphere, and to dog your heels whithersoever you go. You wish to relieve, constantly you do give, your heart aches at the spectacle of poverty and apparent misery; and yet if you attempt to give alms, you may encourage a thief in disguise, or pay tribute to a brutal task-master by making profitable the gleanings of his slave. The cupidity of debased natures has found commodity in human infirmity and misery: a running sore is 'floating capital,' and a wooden leg is 'stock in trade.' You feel the impulse of charity, you are pained at the spectacle of human woe; it costs you an effort to resist the promptings of your nature; but you feel you are likely to be cheated, that you may be doing harm instead of good, and yet you are unable to distinguish between real and feigned misfortune. By degrees, from being constantly deceived, you become indifferent, and then almost brutal, when alms are asked of you. Your heart recoils at yourself, but habit now makes you act before you think. If you happen to have a country friend with you, he stares at you and wonders if he has so misunderstood your character: he thought you kind-hearted; you are sinking in his opinion rapidly: magnetically you are conscious of this: you endeavor to explain or philosophize about it: you do n't, however, satisfy yourself; you are very far from satisfying him: then you avenge outraged human nature by giving doubly to the first unworthy importunity that thrusts itself upon you. Gradually your heart grows harder, sentiment dies out, your sympathies are deadened, and your moral nature withers under this blighting treatment of its promptings, and the unsatisfactory casuistry that puzzles the will but does not convince the heart. It is a sad and perplexing dilemma. For although many wise heads and sound hearts say indiscriminate charity is worse than never to give alms, it is a dangerous doctrine for the giver; and it must never be lost sight of that charity, like mercy,

————— is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.'

I hope there is nothing irreverent in the thought ; but I would like to see an angel in human shape descend from his empyrean domain to this Babylonish city of ours. I would like to see and to know how he would settle the nice questions of casuistry and expediency that hourly embarrass the heart of the man who is the lover of his kind, and who would yet square his actions by a rule that will stand the test of time. I would like that angel to condescend to be my friend here for a little space. I would fain walk beside him through our crowded streets, and put my hand upon his human heart and watch his human features. I would like sometimes to encounter a street-beggar asking alms of him. I should like to feel how his heart beat, and to see his face give token of the battle within — between the promptings of his manly heart and the suggestions of his angel mind. If I could trace the manner of his reasoning and guess his conclusion, and find in it a satisfying guide for my conduct, I should feel relieved. As it is, I cherish the policy of that beneficent citizen who always gave alms to whomsoever asked, lest he should err in a single instance, and for the sake of keeping the spontaneity of his heart unchecked.

THE CHANGE IN A HOUSEHOLD.

ADDRESSED TO A FATHER ON THE FIFTH BIRTH-DAY OF HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

FIVE years have passed, and what a change hath here
 Been wrought within one household, where I used
 To dwell long winter days, and hear no voice
 Of youth or lisping child. Where stillness reigned,
 And I could sit with book and ponder o'er
 Its pages many an hour, or wrapped in thought,
 Pursue the mazy train, till clear and bright,
 It opened to my view, without a sound
 To break upon my ear, or quickly rouse
 Me from my reverie. Ah! yes; for then
 It was the dwelling of a youthful pair,
 Who had alone for many pleasant months
 Enjoyed the quiet of their new abode.

I never can forget the happy day
 When first this stillness fled, for ever fled ;
 When new and strange emotions woke within
 Each bosom, never, never to be hushed
 Again. Upon an open manly brow
 A shade was cast, but not of sorrow's hue ;
 'Twas pencilled there by deep and holy thoughts
 Within. What fresh, tumultuous feelings bid
 The blood rush swiftly through the veins, while on
 The temples I could seem to trace the lines
 So quickly deepened, when a father first
 Put forth his arms to clasp his child :
 A silent tear stole down the mother's cheek,
 As closely to her heaving bosom clung

Her first-born, centre now of all her hopes
And brightest joys.

Weeks rolled away, and she
The infant babe, became a playful thing,
With rosy lip and bright blue eye, and won
The strong, pure love of every heart; around
Her fragile form so firmly twining all
Affection's ties, that helplessness was more
Secure than manly strength. I had begun
To watch the dawning intellect, and love
To talk and laugh and play with innocence,
When I was called to say farewell to joys
Like these, and far away to seek my own
Bright home.

Since then the seasons must be told
In years, and years of varied scenes they've been
To me — of joy and sorrow, hope and fear.
And could I gaze on every fire-side group,
On all the circles gathered in the homes
So thickly scattered 'mong the hills and vales
Of our dear happy land, more dark and sad
Would be the story I should have to tell,
Than this on which I'm dwelling now. For some
Fond bosoms have been called to mourn, some hearts
To bleed at severing of the ties which here
I witness formed anew or made more strong.

Five years have passed, and I am once again
With joyous welcome 'neath the same blest roof;
But many little footsteps now I hear,
And other voices speak the gladness which
In youthful hearts can never be suppressed,
When friends arrive to add to household mirth,
To share the household joy.

The little one
That I could scarcely dream was not to look
As I last saw her in a gentle sleep,
Has grown a big and active child — can think
And talk, and read and run, and is indeed
A very woman in her handiwork,
Though young in years, a good companion now
For age, mature in thought and sage remark.
Another, with her full and rosy cheek,
With deep blue sparkling eye and chubby form,
Goes trotting round with pattering feet, and speaks
In lisping accents her soft, pleasant words,
And though a stranger yesterday, has won
Her way to love's pure empire in the heart.
Nor are these all to bid me welcome now.
Oh! no; another tiny fairy thing
Appears, and with the smile that sweetly plays
Upon her dimpled cheek, most plainly says:
'I, too, am glad.'

And different far must be
My philosophic reveries from those
Indulged in former days. I then had traced
The mind's slow progress in maturer years,
And deep the interest it awakes, but not
Exciting, like the ever-varying, quick
Perceptions of the little child. I love
To watch the artless one as cautiously
She moves her fingers o'er some bright new toy,

Till she is sure 't was given to please and not
To harm. See triumph in her joyous smile,
When some new feat she has performed, or learned
To imitate some useful art.

And she
Who can express her wonder and delight,
Requires me every hour to search for words
To clothe her budding thoughts, where all is strange,
And any moment seems to bring some new
Idea to be gathered to the stores
That, one by one, unconsciously
In infancy are treasured in the mind.
How much of science, language, art, is learned
Within a little period of time,
Which we of riper years may spend in toil
And weariness, with flushed and burning cheek,
And throbbing brow, to fathom wisdom's depths,
And seek the hidden springs of knowledge, while
The riches inexhaustible, for which
We pant, do still and ever will elude
Our grasp.

Yes, childhood's days are days of joy,
Of careless joy and buoyant gladness,
And yet I would not live them o'er again.
I love the sober hours of thought, the calm
And gentle influence which reflection brings,
The soothing power of twilight reverie,
The mid-night meditation deep, the still
And solemn hour of silent prayer. I love
The quiet contemplation of the works
Of God's creation in the world around:
The starry firmament and mighty deep,
Mystic river and the dewy mead.
I know that gloomy clouds must hover o'er
Each pathway we may tread through life, but then
The bow of promise never fails, and seems
Each time to wear a brighter smile, as wind
And storm are hushed, and golden rays of hope
Are ever beaming from its radiant brow.

May these blithe trusting ones, with opening minds,
Which thou art training with such anxious care,
Reward thy faithfulness. May no fell blight
Destroy thy hopes, nor blasting mildew waste
What seems to thee so beauteous and fair.
May theirs be high and lofty aims; may they
In noble objects search for happiness,
Possess pure minds, with richest treasures stored,
Delight in wisdom's ways, and humbly walk
In virtue's paths. Oh! may they early seek
The priceless pearl whose lustre never dims;
So when thy hair is silvery white, when youth
Has fled, and vigor wasted from thy form,
Thy children's virtues, like a halo bright,
Shall shine around thy hoary head; thy path
With fragrant flowers be strewn, and beauteous strength
Support thy tottering footsteps to the grave.
And may a jewelled crown await thee, where
With holy rapture thou mayst greet them, clad
In shining robes, attuning golden harps,
Amidst the glorious heavenly hosts who throng
The city of the New Jerusalem.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

NUMBER SIX.

If we take it first and last all through life, it's really amazing what a raft of people we've heard and never seen. Especially in hotels.

It has been Mace Sloper's luck to be very frequently quartered in rooms with nothing but a door betwixt his room and his neighbor's; and whenever this happened he has been pretty generally about as certain to hear, willing or unwilling, considerable that was n't spoken to him. Particularly when girls were in the next room! Not giving myself credit for any especial 'cuteness, I can't brag of ever having got up any wise theory on the subject; but it does seem to me that the queerest, wildest, and most amazing speeches I ever heard in all my life from mortal lips, always came from people I could n't see. Moreover — and every body 'll agree with me if he 'll rake out his own experience a little — I maintain that no two people can talk in the dark to one another as they do in the light. Report such a talk, and read it to them, and they 'll as soon believe that they've been talking Injun. That's so!

Which reminds Mace Sloper of a talk he once heard in a New-Jersey hotel. I had quietly smoked myself into a regular nap such as the good alone enjoy, when I was awoke by hearing some body enter the next room. Apparently he woke some body else up too, who was sleeping there in advance of him.

'Hullo thar?' says the man a-bed.

'Hul-lo and behold!' answered the one entering.

'Wait for your welcome afore you come in,' said No. I.

'In-comes are always welcome,' answered No. II. 'The mixologist of tipulars directoried me to apartment XC., which, being exceedingly weary, I did uncandelized. Yet if you desire illuminosity —'

'STRANGER!' cried No. I.: 'hold thar! do n't light a match, for the love of God! I know adzackly what you look like without goin fuder. You're five feet 'leven inches high, got gray eyes and a coon-colored vest, short-cropped ha'r and a loose over-coat, nose like a razor-handle, and scar over your left eye. That's the stripe!'

'How do you cognovit that?' was the amazed reply.

'Cog — *thunder!*' was the response. 'How do I know how you look? Why, who the h — l ever heard of a man's coming to bed in the dark, and calling a bar-keeper a mixologist of tipicular fixins, unless he *had* gray eyes, razor-handled nose, short ha'r, an' a coon-colored vest? Do n't light a match, stranger, on my account. Drummon' lights would be darkness on *your* face arter such a blaze of language as that. 'Illuminosity' and 'cognovit!' That shows you've got a ca'pet-bag in your hand and a whiskey-bottle in it. *Sho!*'

There was a sound like the pop of a cork, and a clear case of drink-

ing to better acquaintanceship going on as I fell to sleep. We hear queer things in the dark. That Western man rather knocks me whenever I think of him.

It was in a country tavern of a still harder stripe, in Pennsylvania, that I once heard in the next room to mine a talk 'with a twist in it.' Two fellows, apparently regular city rough-scuffs, were having a comfortable palaver, the subject being sour-cROUT.

'I used for to like crout — once-t,' said one, 'but I do n't keer for no crout now. No Sir-ee! I'm down on crout like a nigger preacher is on the wices of white folks.'

'What fur?' grunted the other.

'Wot fur?' drawled his friend; 'I'll *tell* yer wot fur. Yer know two years ago when de Blood Balls and Murderers lammed de Tormentors and killed Greasy, besides squashin' a ba-by under de in-gine wheels? *Ha-ay?* Well, I cleared out frum town — kase de perlice, Gawd da-a-m 'em, were arter me, and I went to Har-risberg.

'There I come across two covies I used to be thick in with in Philadelphia, Members of the Legislater.

'Well — we got ter skyfaluting about, and there was licker around, and pooty good rum too. I got tighter n' a peep, and de legislators dey was sprung as so many rattles. Yer might have split their skulls wid a spanner, and dey would n't er known what tapped 'em.'

Here the voice of the chap telling the story sunk down so low that I could hear nothing but a dim sort of growling about 'fight,' 'lamming,' and 'watchman.' All at once he louded up with:

'Yes — dey tuck us to de lock-up *and made us eat sour-cROUT from 'leven o'clock to two de next morning.*

'Yer got sick er crout that time — *h-a-ay*, Jakey?'

'Well, I did — hoss-fly!'

I heard nothing more of their talk. Some folks would think that the aforesaid sample was enough in all conscience. But I'm free to confess that, not being one of your 'cute sort, the allusion to sour-cROUT has been one of the great marvels of Mace Sloper's life-time. Is it one of the legal punishments in Harrisburgh to make offenders swallow sour-cROUT for hours together? If it is, Mace Sloper sincerely prays that if he ever visits that virtuous village he may remain virtuous, and never be tempted into doing any thing which will bring him into the power of its police.

I remember another queer dialogue which came within my experience at a hotel in Boston. I was going to bed, rather late, when all at once I heard one of the sweetest voices in the world, with a sort of English ring in it, say, in the next room:

'Clara, dear!'

'Well, dear?' answered another just as sweet, and just in the same English chime.

'Is it the lobster you want?'

'Yes, love,' answered Clara. 'And I want the ham, too; and you may open the oysters — and the sardine-box.'

'Well,' thought I, 'Mace Sloper, if those angels an't going in for a pretty substantial supper, I'm mistaken.' But I had more before me to astonish me.

'While you're about it, Clara dear, you may as well open the Yarmouth bloater. I'm going to take all there is in it. And the cheese, the cheese; oh! *do n't* forget the cheese!'

All at once Clara who, as nigh as I could judge from the sound, was poking about very industriously, cried out with joy:

'Oh! I've found the Strasburg pie! the dear little putty de foi graw. Oh! I must go to the very bottom of the Strasburg-pie!'

'That'll *do*!' thought I, as I rolled back. 'I've heard of English appetites, but don't want to hear any more. I've heard Hiram say that Byron did n't like to see a woman eat; and I do n't blame him, if they all eat like this. Whew-w!'

There was a rattling sort of a going on for a while, until, by-and-by, Clara cried:

'I declare there's my white satin dress in the lobster!'

'And here's my diamond-ring in the cheese! Oh! how odd! Why, I expected to find it in the pie as much as could be.'

A dim suspicion began to come into my head, that the evening-meal of the young ladies was n't limited to eatables, and that one of the effects of their refreshment was to make things lie around loose in a very promiscuous manner. But what was my utter amazement when the soft silvery voice of Clara again cried:

'Oh! dear; I'm so hungry! Lucy, love, we've got nothing here of any consequence; let's ring, and make them send us up *something to eat*!'

'*You'll do*!' thought I. 'I wonder if you're rich. There'll be a famine in Boston if you stay long, *that's so*! Ham, lobsters, herrings, pies! *Jee - WHILLIKENS*!'

Here I fell asleep, and the next next day found me bright and early at the Fitchburg dépôt, and rattling off to the ancient shades of Chippety Whonk, where the bones of the Revolutionary Slopers lie buried. And it came to pass that after a while I forgot all about Clara and Lucy, especially as it was a story I did n't dare to tell.

About a year after I was at the celebrated 'Bed-Bug and Bible' Temperance Hotel, situated in a well-known city on the North River. While a-staying there I got acquainted with two as nice English girls as I ever knew, travelling with their 'Pa,' a plump old fellow who had been in the fancy victualling business in London. The girls wore the names too of Clara and Lucy, but some how I never thought of the other couple in Boston. Leastways, *this* pair did n't eat much to speak of, and no body who ever saw their dear clear cream and rose-leaf faces, and beautiful eyes, which sparkled spry with common-sense, or else swum about in wonder at the scenery as we went down the river, would have accused them of eating too much, let alone drinking.

I offered, being as I was, a single man, to attend to their luggage. They went forward with me to point it out. As we got near the city there was considerable of a jam and flurry, and the girls were in rather a flurry too, not being used to travel.

'Well, Miss Lucy,' says I, 'only point me out your traps, and I'll send 'em up to the hotel, and fix you off all as square as a box. Which is it?'

'O Mr. Sloper! Pa has such a queer way of marking his baggage. He was terribly afraid of losing it, and so he put on marks he was sure

there could be no mistake about. There, those trunks and boxes with such queer little pictures in white paint under the handles are ours !'

There was an awful hurry and skurry going on around ; porters, firemen, passengers, and every thing, rushing and crushing about like mad ; but as Lucy spoke, and as I looked at her baggage, something came into my mind, a light broke over me like a sky-rocket into mid-night, and I burst into the loudest laugh that ever stirred me up since I was born. None of your little town-garden grins, but a regular hundred-thousand-acre guffaw — a laugh by the square mile — a whole Western prairie laugh. The old gentleman, wanting to distinguish his baggage, had stencilled little store-marks under the handles, such marks as you, reader, can see at the groceries on boxes of imported preserves and potted meats. On one trunk was a lobster, on another a herring, on one a cheese, on another a pie. Yes, it was in that identical 'lobster' that Clara had kept her white satin dress, and in that very 'cheese' that Lucy had discovered the diamond-ring.

MORAL. — All is not gold that glitters, and all lobsters and pies are not made to be eaten. Neither is it always possible to judge of a young lady without seeing her, though the old folks tell us that wives should be chosen by the ears and not by the eyes.

W I T H M Y S E L F .

Hush, heart, hush !

Why murmur to-night and break the rest
Of every angel that bides in my breast ?
Why whisper in sorrow the saddest words
That the tender depths of my soul e'er stirred ?

Hush, heart, hush !

Rest, heart, rest !

Thou art weary, so weary of strife and care ;
But heavier burdens you yet may bear ;
Burdens that crush and leave thee to bleed,
With no one to pity and no one to heed.

Rest, heart, rest !

Bow, heart, bow !

Forget thy weak pride, thy sad wailing chant,
And ask of kind HEAVEN in mercy to grant
A wing to enfold thee amid this wild storm,
Yes, the wing of HIS mercy, keeping thee warm.

Bow, heart, bow !

Hope, heart, hope !

See the thick darkness is breaking away,
The stars must fade out when cometh the day.
Oh ! faint not in weakness : arise and be strong :
Thy courage is needed to battle with wrong.

Hope, heart, hope !

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

LIFE OF SCHAMYL : AND NARRATIVE OF THE CIRCASSIAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE AGAINST RUSSIA. By J. MILTON MACKIE, author of 'Cosas de España.' In one volume : pp. 300. Boston : JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY : Cleveland, Ohio : JEWETT, PROCTOR, AND WORTHINGTON.

AN able article in the '*North-American Review*' first drew our attention to the elements of the sublime in the character of SCHAMYL : and our readers will remember the eloquent descriptive passage which we quoted in these pages from the article to which we have reference. In the present volume that great character is developed in full detail ; and not only this, but all the causes, the outer influences, scenery, associations, vicissitudes, trials, etc., which went to form it. We hesitate not to say, that the *style* of this book is behind that of no volume which we have encountered within the last ten years. It is entirely simple — wholly unambitious ; and yet, even in mere *description* — the hardest thing in the world to make interesting, unconnected with personal incident or association — its merit is most marked and attractive. Now, in justification of our encomiums, let us take the very opening chapter, describing '*The Land of Schamyl* :'

'CIRCASSIA — under which name the country occupied by a great number of tribes, of which the Circassians are one, is best known to foreigners — lies in the Caucasus, a range of mountains which, running in the direction between north-west and south-east, extends from the shores of the Black Sea to those of the Caspian, and divides by its wall of rock the two continents of Europe and Asia.

'The traveller approaching these mountains from the steppes inhabited by the Cosacks subject to Russia, beholds at a distance of thirty miles a single white conical summit towering high above the otherwise level horizon. This is the peak of Elbrus, the loftiest in the Caucasian chain, and called by the natives the Dsching Padischah, or great spirit of the mountains. Next, is seen the no less solitary top of Kasbek, situated further eastward, and its snows tinged by the first red rays of the morning. Then, the whole line of summits, 'the thousand peaked,' rises to view ; and finally, a lower range covered with forests, and hence called the Black Mountains, draws its dark and irregular outline against the higher snows beyond.

'The waters shed from the northern declivities of the Caucasus, are received by two principal rivers, the Kuban and the Terek ; while those which flow down on the south side are gathered into the Rion and the Kur, or ancient Cyrus. Of these streams the Kuban is the largest, and empties itself, as does the Rion, into the Black Sea ; the other two running eastward to the Caspian.

'The western portion more especially of the Black Mountains is heavily wooded. Gigantic oaks spread their branches above cliffs and summits, where in less favored climes only the cold pine would be able to find a scanty subsistence ; while the spray

of the Black Sea is dashed against the immense stems of the blood-wooded taxus, and the red and almond-leaved willows sweep with their long branches the waves. The box here is a giant of the forest; the stem of the juniper measures often fifteen feet in circumference; and the vine climbing to the top of the lofty elm sends its tendrils across to the neighboring beech, hanging festoons from tree-top to tree-top, and almost making of the forest one far-spreading arbor. Lower down the pomegranate hangs out its blossoms; the fig and wild pear their fruits; the laurel and the myrtle their green leaves; while an infinite variety of creepers entwine themselves around every form, and wild flowering plants, from gorgeous rhododendrons and azalias to the lowly violet and arbutus, fill the woods with sweet odors.

The distant view of the Caucasus, so bold in its outlines and varied in its forms, surpasses in grandeur that of the Alps; and if from the small number of lakes and glaciers, the interior aspects present less of that exceeding beauty which characterizes the Swiss landscapes above those of all other mountains, there is nevertheless a brilliancy of tints in this oriental air, a glory of nearly five hundred miles of snow peaks, a luxuriance of woods on the lower ranges, and a degree of cultivation in the valleys where the hand of man has been busy since times the most remote, which render this mountain land one of the fairest portions of the globe, and worthy of having been, as by some traditions is reported, the cradle of the human race.

The western portion of the mountains is fruitful to the height of five thousand feet, and the eastern is frequently terraced with gardens. The valleys green with meadows or golden with many varieties of grain, are dotted over with villages and clusters of cottages. White sheep in great numbers and jet-black goats crop the hill-sides; while in lower pastures feed the buffalo and the camel. Herds of tame or half-wild horses roam at large through the glades; wild boars house among the reeds on the river-banks; and the chamois looks down from its rocks upon wild deer and gazelles grazing unscared in the vicinity of the habitations of man.

Take also this superb picture, from which DURAND might almost paint a landscape, with its living and moving accessories. Our extract embodies and illustrates that rare art in writing which enables the reader to see *clearly* through the spectacles of the 'word-painter' himself:

'The larger kinds of game being abundant in these mountains, and the use of small shot being unknown, bird-shooting is but little practised, and the fowl fly in these heavens as unscared as in the original paradise. The nightingale sings in the thickets; the wood-pecker makes the primeval woods resound with his chisel; crows of the pink and black species croak from the dead branches of the oaks; ravens with dark-red legs and scarlet bills build their nests in the top of the elms; detachments of blue wood-pigeons cover the fields as numerous and as tame as sparrows; mergansers and golden-eyed ducks haunt in numerous flocks the running waters; and wild geese flying down in the month of December from the Russian wastes, halt on their way to the waters of Persia, and mixed with swans, float in stately fleets on the shores of both the Euxine and the Caspian. The falcon hawk also is constantly circling over the hills and swooping down into the valleys; the eagle may be seen soaring above his eyrie on Elbrus or Kasbek; the rapacious vulture watches from the high overhanging points of rock the lower woods and pastures; the melancholy owl hoots through the night around the hamlets; and by the side of the lowly mountain-tarn stands silent and solitary the pelican of the wilderness. Only the wild turkey in the pine-tree's top is a mark for the rifle; or the pheasant, darting up out of the path into the overhanging branches, tempts occasionally the sharp-shooter; while, on the contrary, woodcock and snipe bore for worms in every marsh and mud-bank, undisturbed by setter or pointer.

'The wild-boar hunt is the chief sport in Circassian vengery. This animal frequents the banks of the rivers over-grown with reeds, and the ravines of the mountains filled with thickets. Both the valleys and the marshes adjacent are ploughed by his snout; nor is the farmer's stock-yard entirely secure from the crunching of his tusks. He is hunted with dogs, generally resembling a cross between the grayhound and the colley of the Scottish highlands. When found, the furious beast will sometimes stand at bay, ripping up and tossing in the air a pack of enemies; but generally with horrid gruntings and snortings he plunges down the ravine or canters over the marsh, big almost as a Highland cow, driving aside the tall reeds or saplings as if simple spears of grass, a black monster, bristled, with projecting tusks, and eyes blood-shot. But the well-directed rifle-ball pierces at last his tough flanks; the enormous mass reeling rolls over in the mire; and the unclean carcase is left to be feasted on by vultures and prowling wolves.'

We have in this volume, beside a full account of the personal history of SCHAMYL, his education, accomplishments, etc., incidental chapters upon the

Russian and Circassian modes of warfare, the siege of Akhulgo, SCHAMYL'S proclamations, with many other matters of kindred interest. The work is excellently well printed.

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS: or Living in the Country. By FREDERICK S. COZZENS. Illustrated by DARLEY. In one Volume: pp. 323: New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON.

It seems to us, looking back upon the incident, through quite a vista of events, if not of time, to be about nine years, since, one pleasant October afternoon, at our old office in Nassau near Beekman-street, a young gentleman called to ask if a little poem, left with the publisher to be handed to the EDITOR, had reached that functionary. We heard the answer that 'it had, and he expressed himself very much pleased with it indeed.' We stepped into the front-office, and for the first time encountered the round dark-gray eye and youthful face of the gentleman known as Mr. SPARROWGRASS in the very handsome volume before us. His first communication was soon followed by others, of constantly increasing excellence: until that most musical piece of versified reminiscence, the '*Babylonish Ditty*' and other '*Prismatics*,' were followed by '*Captain Davis, a Californian Ballad*,' and '*The Sparrowgrass Papers*' were begun in the KNICKERBOCKER, continued in PUTNAM'S '*Monthly*,' and concluded in our pages. We can recal no papers, in any native work, for years past, of a higher order of *various* merit than these last named. The style is simple, easy, delightful; the incidents replete with a genuine humor; the observation and descriptions of nature unwontedly accurate and *vraisemblable*: while the occasional touches of pathos and true domestic feeling leave absolutely nothing to be desired by the most fastidious critic. While we ask our readers to put full faith in our judgment of these qualities in this book, we shall proceed to invite attention to two or three brief extracts, such as our limited space will allow us to present. Let us begin with a 'musical passage, which, 'what time when the even was come, he played upon a wind instrument:'

'I HAVE bought me a bugle. A bugle is a good thing to have in the country. The man of whom I bought it said it had an easy draught, so that a child could fill it. He asked me if I would try it. I told him I would prefer not, as my wind was not in order; but that when I got out in my boat, the instrument should be critically tested. When I reached home, I could scarcely finish my tea on account of my bugle. The bugle was a secret. I meant to surprise Mrs. SPARROWGRASS. Play, I could not, but I would row off in the river, and blow a prolonged note softly; increasing it until it thrilled across the night like the dolorous trumpet of ROLAND, at the rout of Roncesvalles. I slipped away, took the hidden instrument from the bushes, handled the sculls, and soon put five hundred feet of brine between me and the cottage. Then I unwrapped the brown paper, and lifted the copper clarion to my lips. I blew until I thought my head would burst, and could not raise a toot. I drew a long breath, expanded my lungs to the utmost, and blew my eyes almost out of their sockets, but nothing came of it, saving a harsh, brassy note, within the metallic labyrinth. Then I attempted the persuasive, and finally cajoled a faint rhythmic sound from it that would have been inaudible at pistol-shot distance. But this was encouraging — *I had gotten the hang of it*. Little by little I succeeded, and at last articulated a melancholy B flat, whereupon I looked over at the cottage. It was not there; the boat had drifted down the stream, two miles at least; so I had to tug up against the tide until I nearly reached home,

when I took the precaution of dropping an anchor to windward, and once more exalted my horn. Obstinacy is a Sparrowgrassic virtue. My upper-lip, under the tuition of the mouth-piece, had puffed out into the worst kind of a blister, yet still I persevered. I mastered three notes of the gamut, and then pulled for the front of the cottage. Now, said I, Mrs. SPARROWGRASS, look out for an unexpected serenade.

'Gnar-ty, Gnar-rra-raa-poo-poo-poop-en-arr-ty! Poo-poo-ta! Poo-poo-ta! Poo-poo-ta-rra-noop-en taa-ty' Poopen te noopan ta ta! 'np! 'np! Graa-too-pen-tar-poopen-en-arrty!'

'Who is making that infernal noise?' said a voice on the shore.

'Rrra-ty! 'traa-tar-poopen-tarty!'

'Get out with you!' and a big stone fell splash in the water. This was too much to bear on my own premises, so I rowed up to the beach to punish the offender, whom I found to be my neighbor.

'Oh! ho!' said he, 'was that you, SPARROWGRASS?'

'I said it was me, and added, 'You do n't seem to be fond of music?'

'He said, not as a general thing, but he thought a tune on the fiddle, now and then, was n't bad to take.

I answered, that the relative merit of stringed and wind instruments had never been exactly settled; but if he preferred the former, he might stay at home and enjoy it, which would be better than intruding on my beach, and interrupting me when I was practising. With this I locked up my boat, tucked the bugle under my arm, and marched off. Our neighbor merely laughed, and said nothing.

'The man who hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.'

'When I reached my domicil, Mrs. SPARROWGRASS asked me who that was, 'blowing a fish-horn?' I have in consequence given up music as a source of enjoyment since that evening.'

The sketch of '*Children in Town and Country*' will remind our city readers of a most natural and well-painted picture by BALLOUS, of Boston, called '*The City Visitors*,' which we have recently seen so many admiringly gazing at in the window of a print-shop in Broadway. We pass, however, to the following: and if we have any friend who does not agree with us in considering it most admirably told, we have very little in common in our perception of genuine word-painting. *Apropos* of that last word: DARLEY has contributed a very laughable sketch of the entire scene:

'We have put a dumb-waiter in our house. A dumb-waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, every thing can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble; and, if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear any thing that is going on in the story below; and, when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a democratic ratification meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. SPARROWGRASS, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Beside, Mrs. SPARROWGRASS had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterward.

'One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump, in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well-water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement-hall, and then I went to the kitchen-door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement-door, and went up in the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I

would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet-doors, there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb-waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

'We came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at mid-night, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent; instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was, to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen-door, it was locked; I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at any body, it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. SPARROWGRASS. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

'I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star was visible; it was as black as ink over-head. Then I thought of Baron TRENCK, and the Prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened: it was Mrs. SPARROWGRASS calling to me from the top of the stair-case. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Beside, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. SPARROWGRASS called once or twice, and then got frightened: the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. SPARROWGRASS was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake: he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window, he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen-table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up every body around, broken in the basement-door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me — and then, he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however: some body has told him. *Some body* tells every body every thing in our village.'

The different chapters upon purchasing and keeping a horse in the country, are not excelled by any thing in the work: but these, with the genial criticisms upon old books, old authors, old customs, etc., with many other good things, we must pass wholly by, and commend the volume to the *affections* of our readers, alike in town and country. It is inscribed to another most esteemed friend and popular correspondent, in this brief and tasteful dedication:

'To

'ONE OF THE GENTLEST OF HUMORISTS,

TO

'THE REV. FREDERICK W. SHELTON,

'AUTHOR OF

'“LETTERS FROM UP THE RIVER,”

'This Volume

'IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.'

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC: a History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. In Three Volumes: pp. 1788. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin Square.

THERE is too great an amount of laborious research, of patient investigation of various materials, and of clear synopsis of the same, in these three very beautifully-printed volumes, to be dispatched in a simple 'literary notice.' Contenting ourselves for the present, therefore, with an imperfect *resumé* of the work, we await the proffered verdict (an act of simple and candid justice) from a true 'Son of SAINT NICHOLAS,' to mete out adequate praise to Mr. MOTLEY's performance: a work that does him infinite honor, and which, little as he doubtless dreams of it now, will long be cordially remembered in connection with his name hereafter. SONS of SAINT NICHOLAS! Brother MOTLEY must be one of 'Us!' By-and-by, in the way of authentic Dutch history, perhaps we may say, 'MOTLEY is our only wear.' An old fellow-steward may say so much, let us hope, and meet with a general response. Before adding a word more, we propose Mr. MOTLEY for immediate membership among the true 'Sons of Saint NICHOLAS.' 'The motion is carried!'

We ask attention now, in advance of an elaborate review of this elaborate work, to a brief exposition of its character and completeness, as presented in the succinct and comprehensive preface of the author:

'THE rise of the Dutch Republic must ever be regarded as one of the leading events of modern times. Without the birth of this great commonwealth, the various historical phenomena of the sixteenth and following centuries must have either not existed, or have presented themselves under essential modifications. Itself an organized protest against ecclesiastical tyranny and universal empire, the Republic guarded with sagacity, at many critical periods in the world's history, that balance of power which, among civilized States, ought always to be identical with the scales of divine justice. The splendid empire of CHARLES the Fifth was erected upon the grave of Liberty. The ancient streams of national freedom and human progress, through many of the fairest regions in the world, were emptied and lost in that enormous gulf. It is a consolation to those who have hope in humanity to watch under the reign of his successor, the gradual but triumphant resurrection of the spirit over which the sepulchre had so long been sealed. Out of half-submerged morasses, in an outlying corner of that vast dominion, a rational and conservative republic is slowly evolved; born amid blood and fire, but dilating daily through storms and darkness into more colossal proportions. From the hand-breadth of territory called the province of Holland rises a power which wages eighty years' warfare with the most potent empire upon earth, and which, during the progress of the struggle, becoming itself a mighty State, and binding about its own slender form a zone of the richest possessions of earth, from pole to tropic, finally dictates its decrees to the empire of CHARLES.

'So much is each individual State but a member of one great international commonwealth, and so close is the relationship between the whole human family, that it is impossible for a nation, even while struggling for itself, not to acquire something for all mankind. The maintenance of the right by the little provinces of Holland and Zealand in the sixteenth, by Holland and England united in the seventeenth, and by the United States of America in the eighteenth centuries, forms but a single chapter in the great volume of human fate; for the so-called revolutions of Holland, England, and America, are all links of one chain.

'To the Dutch Republic, even more than to Florence at an earlier day, is the world indebted for practical instruction in that great science of political equilibrium which

must always become more and more important as the various States of the civilized world are pressed more closely together, and as the struggle for preëminence becomes more feverish and fatal. Courage and skill in political and military combinations enabled WILLIAM the Silent to overcome the most powerful and unscrupulous monarch of his age. The same hereditary audacity and fertility of genius placed the destiny of Europe in the hands of WILLIAM's great-grandson, and enabled him to mould into an impregnable barrier the various elements of opposition to the overshadowing monarchy of LOUIS XIV. As the schemes of the Inquisition and the unparalleled tyranny of PHILIP, in one century, led to the establishment of the Republic of the United Provinces; so, in the next, the revocation of the Nantes Edict and the invasion of Holland are avenged by the elevation of the Dutch Stadholder upon the throne of the stipendiary Stuarts.

'To all who speak the English language, the history of the great agony through which the Republic of Holland was ushered into life must have peculiar interest, for it is a portion of the records of the Anglo-Saxon race, essentially the same, whether in Friesland, England, or Massachusetts.

'A great naval and commercial commonwealth, occupying a small portion of Europe but conquering a wide empire by the private enterprise of trading companies, girdling the world with its innumerable dependencies in Asia, America, Africa, Australia; exercising sovereignty in Brazil, Guiana, the West-Indies, New-York, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Hindostan, Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, New-Holland; having first laid together, as it were, the grandest of the Cyclopean blocks, out of which the magnificent British realm, at a later period, has been constructed; must always be looked upon with interest by Englishmen as in a great measure the precursor in their own scheme of empire. For America the spectacle is one of still deeper import. The Dutch Republic originated in the opposition of the rational elements of human nature to sacerdotal dogmatism and persecution; in the courageous resistance of historical and chartered liberty to foreign despotism. Neither that liberty nor ours was born of the cloud embraces of a false Divinity with a Humanity of impossible beauty, nor was the infant career of either arrested in blood and tears by the madness of its worshippers. 'To maintain,' not to overthrow, was the device of the WASHINGTON of the sixteenth century, as it was the aim of our own hero and his great contemporaries.

'The great Western Republic, therefore, in whose Anglo-Saxon veins flows much of that ancient and kindred blood received from the nation once ruling a noble portion of its territory, and tracking its own political existence to the same parent spring of temperate human liberty, must look with affectionate interest upon the trials of the elder commonwealth. These volumes recite the achievement of Dutch independence, for its recognition was delayed till the acknowledgment was superfluous and ridiculous. The existence of the Republic is properly to be dated from the Union of Utrecht, in 1581; while the final separation of territory into independent and obedient provinces, into the commonwealth of the United States and the Belgian provinces of Spain, was in reality effected by WILLIAM the Silent, with whose death three years subsequently, the heroic period of the history may be said to terminate. At this point these volumes close. Another series, with less attention to minute details, and carrying the story through a longer range of years, will paint the progress of the Republic in its palmy days, and narrate the establishment of its external system of dependencies and its interior combinations for self-government and European counterpoise. The lessons of history and the fate of free States can never be sufficiently pondered by those upon whom so large and heavy a responsibility for the maintenance of rational human freedom rests.

'I have only to add that this work is the result of conscientious research, and of an earnest desire to arrive at the truth. I have faithfully studied all the important contemporary chroniclers and later historians, Dutch, Flemish, French, Italian, Spanish, or German. Catholic and Protestant, monarchist and republican, have been consulted with the same sincerity. The works of BOR (whose enormous but indispensable folios form a complete magazine of contemporary state papers, letters, and pamphlets, blend-

ed together in mass, and connected by a chain of artless but earnest narrative,) of ME-TEREN, DE THOU, BURGUNDIUS, HEUTERUS, TASSIS, VIGLIUS, HOOFD, HARAEUS, VAN DER HAER, GROTIUS; of VAN DER VYNCT, WAGENAER, VAN WYN, DE JONGHE, KLUIT, VAN KAMPEN, DEWEZ, KAPPELLE, BAKHUYZEN, GROEN VAN PRINSTERER; of RANKE and RAUMER, have been as familiar to me as those of MENDOZA, CARNERO, CABRERA, HERRERA, ULLOA, BENTIVOGLIO, PERES, STRADA. The manuscript relations of those Argus-eyed Venetian envoys who surprised so many courts and cabinets in their most unguarded moments, and daguerreotyped their character and policy for the instruction of the crafty Republic, and whose reports remain such an inestimable source for the secret history of the sixteenth century, have been carefully examined, especially the narratives of the caustic and accomplished BADOVARO, of SURIANO, and MICHELE. It is unnecessary to add that all the publications of M. GACHARD, particularly the invaluable correspondence of PHILIP II. and of WILLIAM the Silent, as well as the *'Archives et Correspondance'* of the Orange NASSAU family, edited by the learned and distinguished GROEN VAN PRINSTERER, have been my constant guides through the tortuous labyrinth of Spanish and Netherland politics. The large and most interesting series of pamphlets known as 'The DUNCAN Collection,' in the Royal Library at the Hague, has also afforded a great variety of details by which I have endeavored to give color and interest to the narrative. Beside these, and many other printed works, I have also had the advantage of perusing many manuscript histories, among which may be particularly mentioned the works of PONTUS PAXEN, of Renom de France, and of PASQUIER DE LA BARRE; while the vast collection of unpublished documents in the Royal Archives of the Hague, of Brussels, and of Dresden, has furnished me with much new matter of great importance. I venture to hope that many years of labor, a portion of them in the archives of those countries whose history forms the object of my study, will not have been entirely in vain; and that the lovers of human progress, the believers in the capacity of nations for self-government and self-improvement, and the admirers of disinterested human genius and virtue, may find encouragement for their views in the detailed history of an heroic people in its most eventful period, and in the life and death of the great man whose name and fame are identical with those of his country.

No apology is offered for this somewhat personal statement. When an unknown writer asks the attention of the public upon an important theme, he is not only authorized, but required, to show that by industry and earnestness he has entitled himself to a hearing. The author too keenly feels that he has no further claims than these, and he therefore most diffidently asks for his work the indulgence of his readers.

I would take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to Dr. KLEMM, Hofrath and Chief-Librarian at Dresden, and to Mr. VON WEBER, Ministerial-rath and Head of the Royal Archives of Saxony, for the courtesy and kindness extended to me so uniformly during the course of my researches in that city. I would also speak a word of sincere thanks to Mr. CAMPELLE, Assistant-Librarian at the Hague, for his numerous acts of friendship during the absence of his chief, M. HOLTROP. To that most distinguished critic and historian, M. BAKHUYZEN VAN DEN BRINCK, Chief-Archivist of the Netherlands, I am under deep obligations for advice, instruction, and constant kindness, during my residence at the Hague; and I would also signify my sense of the courtesy of Mr. Charter-Master DE SCHWANE, and of the accuracy with which copies of MSS. in the archives were prepared for me by his care. Finally, I would allude in the strongest language of gratitude and respect to M. GACHARD, Archivist-General of Belgium, for his unwearied courtesy and manifold acts of kindness to me during my studies in the Royal Archives of Brussels.'

Thus much we have considered not only proper, but just, that our author should be permitted, in his own behalf, to say in our pages. Of the excellent use which he has made of his most abundant *matériel*, so industriously acquired, so judiciously sifted, and so clearly and comprehensively aggregated, it will be our province more adequately to speak hereafter.

THE NEW PASTORAL: By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. New edition: revised by the Author. Philadelphia: PARRY AND McMILLAN.

Of the Pastoral poem, according to the standard of THEOCRITUS and VIRGIL, we should regret to see a revival attempted by an American author of so much promise as Mr. READ. The traditional subject and method of that class of composition, place it among inferior orders of verse, admitting only of a tame, artificial treatment. The stereotyped platitudes of the DAPHNES and CORYDONS, could not be vitalized even by the genius of POPE or GESSNER; and, indeed, this species of poetry has been completely superseded by the great descriptive writers of the last century, who departed from the insipid conceptions of primitive rusticity, and clothed with the grace of true feeling the actual forms of rural life. Mr. READ's adoption of the term must therefore be understood with this qualification. Our visions of Arcadian felicities suggested by his title, vanish as we recognize in these eclogues the vivid portraiture of our own times and manners.

The writer who, in these days, will attempt a work of classic simplicity; calm, graceful, perfect in outline and finish; without seeking the temporary effects of startling innovation and broad extravagance, must be satisfied to dispense with a considerable share of immediate popularity. His chance of enduring fame may be none the poorer; but for present success he is less wise in his generation than the children of this age. It must be confessed that there is ground for the criticism of strangers, that with us literature, eloquence, and humor, are characterized by a strong tendency to exaggeration. When a poet, introducing a work peculiarly American in theme and treatment, can refrain from giving us a metre constructed expressly for the occasion, or from broaching an entirely new theory of the purposes and methods of poetry, we old-fashioned critics are consciously grateful, and admire the humility that condescends to use the blank verse and the Saxon idiom of the olden times. But we may not expect for our poet the applause that hails the last patented measure, or the newest literary *tour-de-force*. We must quietly bide with him the verdict that will place his work among our Western classics.

The conception of this work is more ambitious than its title. To depict the features of our inland scenery; the active life of the frontier settlement; the novel and diverse elements that make up the civilization of the new world; to do this in a sustained and comprehensive poem, is what no American author had yet successfully undertaken; and in accomplishing it, Mr. READ has done much toward laying the foundation of a national literature. A close observance of nature, and of those simple habits of life which he best loves to portray; an artist's keen perception of minute particulars, grouped always with artistic taste and discrimination; a deep sympathy for truth and goodness; these are qualities of which Mr. READ had already given full proof in a number of shorter compositions of much merit, and which have been fully acknowledged by the public.

In the New Pastoral, an introduction and prelude—the latter an ode of

consummate beauty — bring us to the opening scene: the time, a quiet Sabbath morning; the place, a rural district of Pennsylvania:

‘FROM hillside homes and hamlets in the vale,
One after one, in Sabbath garb arrayed,
Their mantles breathing of deep oaken drawers
And antique chests, the people throng, and take
The various pathways which converging lead
Here to this quiet shrine among the elms.
O happy hour! beloved of peace and heaven!
Around and over all the white calm lies
Flooded with perfume and mysterious light;
So sweet, so beautiful, it seems a day
Lost out of Eden!’

Among the church-goers is introduced Master ETHAN, the principal character of the poem:

‘A MAN not deep in books, but in research,
Among the hidden lore which round him lies
Most practical; and all the neighborhood
Holds him an oracle, and reverence pays,
As well they may; for he, within these bounds,
Has held the keys of knowledge many a year,
Teaching in yonder rude house in the grove.’

OLIVIA, the fair daughter of the country school-master, and AMY, her bosom-friend, supply the love-thread of the story, which otherwise revolves around the peaceful employments of the farmer’s life. Both of these are delineated with exquisite feeling: the former,

‘HER blonde hair waving round her gentle brow,
A face to be remembered, and methinks
Not easily forgotten: for that eye,
So deep and blue, where starry truth abides,
As in the fabled well, once on your own
Falling, with its miraculous pure light,
Stays not upon the face, but to the heart
Looks in, as through a casement, and the soul
Then feels as if an angel, going by,
Had glanced within, and left its smile in passing!’

Nothing could be more perfect of their kind than the successive pictures of homely yet not unpoetic scenes so graphically presented in these admirable life-studies. Furnished by a poet-painter, we know not whether to ascribe their beauty to the skill that guides the pencil, or the genius of song. Take for instance this interior view of the farm-house kitchen, at the moment when

‘THE busy matron, o’er the floury tray
Kneads the huge loaf; or on the snowy board
Rolls the thin crust and crimps the juicy pie.
Then, from the paddle broad, the pan and dish
Glide grating to the heated cave to bake.
By noon the ample tables and the shelves
Groan with the weight of swollen loaves embrowned,
And pies arranged to cool; and all the air
Is redolent with the delicious scent
Which wakes the appetite with expectation,
And whets the watery tooth.’

But ere long the scene removes from ‘fair Pennsylvania’s mid-land vales, to the depths of the forest and the rude settlement of the remote frontier. ‘Loud Rumor’s voice entices to the West;’ the ‘infectious fever’ of emigration spreads through the rustic community: and

— 'ERE the spring comes in,
On many a tree which at the cross-roads stands,
And at the village tavern, and the store,
And on the blacksmith's wall—in staring print,
Or in coarse written lines—unnumbered bills
Proclaim the dissolution near at hand.'

The caravan is formed: the leave-taking, the departure, are thus narrated:

'FRAIL Master ETHAN, with his pilgrim-cane,
Leading the wondering grand-child by the hand;
Then, next, the wagons. First, the well-shod team,
Bearing the blacksmith's household; following this,
The wheelwright, full of magisterial pomp,
Directs his steeds, holding himself the centre
And spring of all the movement.

'Anon they gain
The summit of the height, and turn to gaze;
And, gazing, heave the sigh, and breathe adieu,
While many a rough hand feels the farewell grasp.
At length the long leave-taking is all o'er;
The train descends: and lo! the happy vale
Is closed from sight beyond the mournful hill,
And all the West, before the onward troop,
Lies in the far unknown.'

We add but a single citation from the closing portion of this poem. Sick-ness and toil have consumed the strength of the pioneer, and Master ETHAN, with his diminished household, returns to the home of his youth:

'BEHOLD,
On yonder brow beyond the crossing roads,
The little wagon rises, and stands still.
The weary horses droop; the harness hangs,
Along their lank sides, awkward and awry;
The careless rein drops, coiling, to the ground;
The dusty wain is loose and out of joint;
The cover soiled and warped. A dreary sight!
And not less woful, in their way-worn garbs,
The melancholy group whose tearful eyes
Take in the landscape dearest to their hearts.
And while they gaze, their joy is half-rebuked
With wonder why they left so fair a spot.
Yonder, within its little knot of trees,
The sacred homestead smiles; and there the fields
Which called them to the harvest; but, alas!
The stranger in their native door-way stands,
His scythes along yon clover-pasture sweep,
And all the acres hold his waving crops.
The unknown mower wipes his reeking blade,
And, whistling, whets its sun-reflecting side;
The pleasant odor steals along the breeze,
Sweet as from out the hay-fields of the past;
The cow-boy, singing on the distant slope,
Turns home the tinkling herd. There springs the smoke
From long-remembered hearths. Some stranger-smith
Awakes the ringing anvil; and from far
The giant hammer of the steam-worked forge
Throbs through the air its old familiar beat.
There gleams the chapel on its Sabbath-hill,
Where now some foreign pastor wakes the desk;
And in the lowland, by the winding stream,
Flashes the mill-wheel; but who tends the mill?
Here, by the highway, the elm-shaded school
Lulls the soft air with murmurs; but within
What faithful master fills the sovereign chair?
Such are the sights, and such the thoughts that rise,
Till each heart throbs with mingled joy and pain.

Their feet, forgetful of long travel past,
 Receive new impulse, and descend the road,
 Taking fresh vigor: as if even the dust
 Which held their foot-prints in their younger years,
 Gave back the lightness of those brighter days.'

The fact that Mr. READ is yet among the youngest of our authors, leads us in closing to predict for him the attainment of a high rank and an honorable renown.

THE LOST HUNTER: A TALE OF EARLY TIMES. In one volume: pp. 462. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON, Number 119 Nassau-street.

THERE is much in what the Italians call the *salsa del libro* — the 'sauce of a book;' meaning thereby, a good preface. The volume before us has, in the first place, that recommendation; and it deserves the much greater praise of in no respect disappointing the reader as he advances, from title-page to colophon. As a *coup d'essai*, which we understand the volume before us to be, it is not only one of eminent *promise*, but it is in itself an excellent *performance*. The style is fluent and unforced; the descriptions of character well limned; and the pictures of scenery forcible and felicitous. There is a natural convergence of incidents to the *dénouement*; and the reader closes the volume with an increased regard for the talents and spirit of the author. Commending the work heartily to the perusal of our readers, we proceed to present such brief extracts as our somewhat circumscribed limits will allow. Our first shall be a picture in words, which could be as easily transferred to canvas as from a finished study in drawing and composition:

'At the door of this cabin, and at the time we are describing, stood a solitary figure. He was a gaunt, thin man, whose stature rather exceeded than fell below six feet. The object about his person which first arrested attention was a dark grizzled beard, that fell half-way down his breast, in strong contrast with a high white forehead, beneath which glowed large dreamy eyes. The hair of his head, like his beard, was long, and fell loosely over his shoulders. His dress was of the coarsest description, consisting of a cloth of a dusky gray color, the upper garment being a loose sort of surtout, falling almost to the knees, and secured round the waist by a dark woollen sash. His age it was difficult to determine. It might have been anywhere between forty-five and fifty-five years.

'The attitude and appearance of the man, were that of devotion and expectancy. His body was bent forward, his hands clasped, and his eyes intently fastened on the eastern sky, along the horizon of which layers of clouds, a moment before of a leaden hue were now assuming deeper and deeper crimson tints. As the clouds flushed up into brighter colors his countenance kindled with excitement. His form seemed to dilate, his eyes to flash, his hands unclasped themselves, and he stretched out his arms, as if to welcome a long-expected friend. But presently the rays of the sun began to stream over the swelling upland and light up the surface of the river, and fainter and fainter shone the clouds, until they gradually melted into the blue depth away. It was then a shade of disappointment, as it seemed, passed over the face of the man. Its rapt expression faded, he cast a look almost of reproach to heaven, and his feelings found vent in words.

'Hast Thou not said: 'Behold, I come quickly?' Why then delay the wheels of Thy chariot? O LORD, I have waited for Thy salvation. In the night-watches, at midnight, at cock-crowing, and in the morning, have I been mindful of Thee. But chiefly at the dawn hath my soul gone forth to meet Thee, for then shall appear the sign of the SON OF MAN in Heaven, and they shall see Him coming in the clouds of Heaven, with power and great glory. And He shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together His elect from one end of Heaven to the other.'

‘His eyes glared wildly round, then fell and fastened on the ground, and for a few moments he remained immovable as a statue, after which, with an air of dejection, he turned as if about to enter the hut. At that moment the report of a gun from the shore close by was heard, and looking up, he saw a man fall from the sloping bank upon the beach.

‘If there had been any appearance of weakness or infirmity before in the Recluse, it now vanished. Nothing could exceed the promptitude and energy of his movements. To rush to the water, to throw himself into a boat, to unfasten it from the stake to which it was tied, and with a vigorous push to send it half-way across the channel, was the work of but an instant. A few dexterous and strong strokes of the paddle soon sent it grating on the pebbled shore, and with a bound he was by the side of the prostrate man. He lay with his face to the ground, with one arm stretched out, and the other cramped up beneath his body. Near him the leaves and grass were stained with drops of blood, and at a short distance a gun was lying.’

We are aware that we stimulate without satisfying curiosity in presenting this passage, but that is precisely what we wish to do: for subsequent events, consult the work itself. Take another description, in which natural scenery is scarcely less forcibly depicted:

‘It was a clear star-lit night, and on the placid bosom of the water shone one star larger and brighter than the rest, as if to light him on his way. But it was all unobserved by the Indian. He had no eyes, no ears, no senses, except for the crime he was about to commit. To him, no crime, but a heroic act. Slowly, and measuring each step as though a thousand ears were listening, he proceeded in the direction of the canoe, untied it, and softly pushed it into the stream. As he took his seat the dip of his paddle made no sound, and thus, stern as an iron statue, and almost as still, he paddled on.

‘And now OHQUAMEHUD approached the island. He stopped his paddle and held his breath, and listened. Not a living sound was to be heard, not even the cry of a night bird; nothing save the soft flowing of the water against the shore. Like an eagle circling round and round before he pounces on his quarry, the Indian cautiously paddled around the island. From one of the windows, before concealed, he saw a light. Keeping at a distance, so that the rays should not fall upon him, he stole around until he had interposed the hut between himself and its beams. Then, apparently satisfied there was nothing to be feared, he directed the canoe toward the island, and slowly advanced until its bottom touched the sand, when he sat still and listened again. Hearing nothing, he left the canoe, and crouching down, crept toward the cabin. Having reached it, he applied his ear to the side and listened, and again advanced. Thus slowly proceeding, some little time elapsed before he found himself at the window whence streamed the light. Without venturing to touch the wooden boards, as if fearful they might communicate a knowledge of his presence, he raised himself almost imperceptibly at the edge of the window, until he obtained a view of the interior. HOLDEN was sitting at a distance of not more than six feet, near a small table, on which a single candle was burning, and in his lap lay a large opened book, on which his folded hands were resting. He seemed lost in meditation, gazing into the wood-fire before him, toward which his crossed legs were extended at full length.

‘The Indian slid his hand down to the lock of the gun, and drew back the trigger. Cautiously as it was done, he could not prevent a slight clicking sound, which, perhaps, struck the ear of the Solitary, for he turned his head and moved in the chair. The Indian slunk to the edge of the window, so as to conceal his person from any one within the room, and remained motionless. Presently he advanced his head, and took another view. The Solitary had resumed his former position, and was buried in profound thought. The Indian stepped back a couple of steps, so as to allow the necessary distance between himself and the window, and raised the rifle to his shoulder.

‘At that instant, and just as he was about to discharge the deadly weapon, a large rattle-snake, attracted by the warmth, or for some other reason, glided from the opposite side of the hut toward the outstretched limbs of HOLDEN, over which it crawled, and resting its body upon them, with upraised head seemed to fasten its eyes, glittering in the fire-light, full upon the face of the startled Indian. The effect was instantaneous. The rifle nearly dropped from his uplifted hands, a cold sweat burst from every pore, his knees shook, and his eyes, fixed on the snake by a fascination that controlled his will, felt bursting from their sockets. After preserving its attitude for a short time, the snake, as if taking HOLDEN under its protection, coiled itself around his feet, and lay with its head resting on his shoe, looking into the fire. As the snake turned away its bright eyes the spell that bound the Indian was dissolved. An expression of the deepest awe overspread his countenance, his lips moved but emitted no sound, and cautiously as he had advanced he returned to the canoe, and was soon swallowed up in the darkness.’

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — There is a lesson in the following, which, carefully heeded, will be found fruitful of salutary monition : also a 'bit' of local description, which gives to a stranger a vivid idea of at least one of the prominent features of the 'City of the Prairies:'

'Eight squares west of the lake shore, the Chicago River forks, the two branches running north and south. The city is thus tri-sected. The three divisions are connected by draw-bridges. The vicinity of these — and especially of the two which unite North and South Chicago — usually presents a very animated scene. A large amount of shipping daily passes up and down the river and its branches ; and when the wind is favorable for the entry of vessels into port, the bridges are kept open nearly all the time. The law permits no obstruction of the river. Priority of right is with the vessels, and when one approaches a bridge, the latter must immediately open ; and if a second, and third, or more, come up before the first has gone by, they too must effect a passage before the accumulating mass of vehicles and men on each side of the river can be permitted to cross. A detention of ten minutes often collects a hundred drays and carts and carriages at each end of a draw. Policemen are present, whose business it is to see that these vehicles form into line, and come up in regular succession, but in spite of their efforts disorder is inevitable. The populace may have a becoming respect for the police, but frightened horses are ignorant of municipal authority, and for them the 'lone star' has no terrors.

'Let us stop a moment near one of the bridges. One or two vessels have passed, and the cry is still 'they come;' while the crowd grows larger and more dissatisfied. Scrutinize the faces of the pedestrians: men of business, anxious to get to their offices: clerks behind time, and every moment's delay risking situations much more easily lost than obtained: Norwegian women, loaded down with great bags of wood, carried on their heads, or strapped upon their backs. Here comes a brig, freighted with lumber, and nearly bridging the channel. Propelled by man-power hand-over-hand, it 'drags its slow length along' at a provokingly wearisome pace. It is a mystery to me how Young America can tolerate such a nuisance. But see, a wiry, long-legged, mercurial individual has leaped upon the boards, is running across the vessel, and now he has reached the other shore, and is off about his business. Most of the male bipeds 'follow their leader,' like a flock of sheep, and are soon safe 'over Jordan.' Safe over, except one, a carpenter, with a plane in his hand, who arrives at the farther side a little too late to leap the chasm, which, as soon as the vessel leaves the bridge, becomes too wide to be cleared by ordinary saltatory skill. Nothing daunted, he throws his plume upon the bank, jumps into the river, makes for a low portion of the wharf, recovers his

plane, and is off after his nose, and possibly after a late breakfast, in which case his courage is easily accounted for, as hunger makes heroes of the greatest cowards.

'The draw has at length closed. Get up on this pile of wood, so as to have a fair view of the spectacle. The scene is worthy of Hogarth's pencil. Here, at our side, a wheel has come off a wagon, over-loaded with baggage and emigrants. Emigrants and baggage are tumbled promiscuously into the street. The former, in no wise troubled by the accident, but grinning and chuckling — perhaps at the thought of being carried so far for nothing — shoulder their trunks and march. A few steps from us, the wheels of two wagons have become involved, and the teamsters are making vigorous but ineffectual efforts to disentangle them, assailed meanwhile by a deadly rear-fire of draymen's curses, and urged forward by the stentorian lungs of the bridge-tender, who, seeing more vessels already approaching, vociferates: 'Hurry up! vessels coming! bridge must open!' And see: a pair of enterprising horses, attached to a milk-cart, compassionating the numerous families, who, by reason of this detention, are drinking their coffee without the lacteal fluid, have taken to the side-walk, as presenting the only visible channel of egress from the sea of difficulties which surrounds them. Pedestrians retire into the stores and into the street, giving free right of way to their horse-ships, who are rapidly nearing the river, a plunge into which will cool their zeal and mix a little more water with the milk. One or two leaps from the brink of the pier, at the side of the bridge, their flight is checked, and they bring up against a store-front, to the consternation of the shopman, who is deeply exercised with fear that he may not be paid for the show-pane which has been shattered in the collision. The knocking down of a flaunting lager-bier sign is the only other injury done by the runaways, who are now quite crest-fallen and subdued, and meekly suffer themselves to be led away, wondering that there is so little appreciation of their efforts to expedite the business of the milkman, and relieve the wants of his customers. Observe that policeman. He is sending back to the very tail of the line a carter, who has been trying to steal a march, and get an advanced place in the procession. At the first street which cuts this at right angles, a man, hauling a car with a single horse, has stalled directly in the crossing, and is receiving *his* share of draymen's curses, which, however, he generously hands over to his *horse*, with blows into the bargain. Now the sign, 'Keep off the bridge!' is raised from a vertical to a horizontal position. Vehicles are instantly stopped, and if any driver ventures upon what is now forbidden ground, he is forced to take the 'back track.' The prohibition does not extend to pedestrians, who are permitted to cross as long as they think it safe to do so: and those at a distance, observing the sign up, and the draw in motion, quicken their pace, and come up to the bridge at a sharp trot, or more generally a full run. As the draw veers round, and a passage-way of only a few feet is left at the banks, and that rapidly decreasing, collisions occur, persons are knocked down, bonnets are stove in, hats fall into the river. See how composedly that hatless man moves on, without deigning a single look in the direction where his beaver went over-board. He takes for granted that it is ruined. But some 'wrecker' has leaped upon a canal-boat, fortunately moored near the scene of the disaster, and with hooked pole is trying to recover the hat, which 'rides the waters like a thing of life.' More serious accidents than this often occur. We leave them to graver chroniclers. A company has been formed for the purpose of tunnelling the river. This is probably the only effectual mode of remedying the evils to which allusion has been made. But the draw-bridges are no doubt charged with a great many delays which they have no agency whatever in causing. 'I was detained at the bridge,' is a standing excuse for boarders who come late to their meals, business men who fail to meet their engagements, and *especially* those 'lords of creation' who keep late hours, and must have some plea with which to prevent or mollify the wrath of their better halves. The following piece of gossip about one of the latter class, rests on good newspaper authority. A. B. lives in the North Division, and used to find it very convenient, when he had lingered too long among a lot of 'good fellows' on the other side, to plead the bridge. 'The bridge was open, my dear, and I could not get across.' Madam said nothing, but with the subtle devilry of the sex, plotted revenge and a radical cure of her husband's

procrastinating tendencies. A few weeks ago, as he approached his residence, about the noon of the night, he observed a white dress, enveloping a figure not unlike his wife's, disappear within the door, while a man retreated hastily round the corner. The next night he was home early, but found his wife had just stepped out with a gentleman. On inquiry he learned that the escort was a 'handsome young fellow,' but could not discover his name. His jealousy was now fully aroused, and he resolved on a thorough investigation of the matter. He retired to a front room on the second floor, and pacing hurriedly back and forward, awaited the coming of his truant spouse, while dark suspicions and vague forebodings of impending evil filled his mind. The 'witching hour of night' came, and 'the wee short hour ayant the twal,' but still no wife. His agitation momentarily increased. At last voices are heard. The false one appears, leaning heavily upon the arm of her gallant, and looking up lovingly into his eyes. They linger a moment upon the step. His arm is thrown around her waist — and by Jove, he's kissing her! The injured husband rushes frantically down stairs, taking six steps at a time, tears open the door, and his wife coolly says: 'Are *you* home? Let me make you acquainted with my brother.' The brother had arrived from the East the day before, the wife having kept his expected visit a secret. A. B. good-naturedly joined in the laugh against himself, pulled his brother-in-law into the door, and begged to keep the joke quiet: but it leaked out. A. B. gets home in good season now, the bridge to the contrary notwithstanding. N.

There's a 'lesson!' - - - ONE among the most pleasant *inanimate* things to be seen — and *smelled* — as we pass rapidly back and forth from town to country, (on the 'ISAAO P. SMITH' or 'ARROW' steamers, both newly placed in perfect order, and ably commanded,) is the *Cedar-Ware*, from the extensive *Pail and Tub Factory of Storms Brothers, at Nyack*. Not a down-transit is made by those steamers without having on board more or less of this beautiful ware, with its smooth outer and inner surface, its bright narrow brass or band-iron hoops, emitting, moreover, a 'sweet-smelling cedar' odor, which so delights the human olfactory. But let us speak of another kind of factory. We visited the Tub and Pail Establishment of the Messrs. STORMS, on a recent occasion; and no similar 'institution' that we ever saw gave us more pleasure. The *matériel*, in the first place, is of the very best. The cedar is from North-Carolina and Florida; and the hoops, (cut and rolled to measure,) are made expressly for the factory by Messrs. BROWN AND BROTHERS, Waterbury, (Conn.) The machinery 'works like a charm,' in all its parts, and is propelled by the handsomest steam-engine, of twenty-five horse-power, that *we* 'ever set eyes on.' This is in part the *modus operandi*: The staves are first sawed out with cylindrical saws. They are then placed in a drying-room, heated with steam-pipes. Next they are cut to a proper width by a circular saw, then ploughed and grooved. The next operation is to place them around the *inner* circumference of a heavy iron hoop, which, when driven down, holds the staves together. The tub is then placed *over* a 'chunk,' and turned off *outside* in a few moments, and hooped. It is next placed *in* a hollow chunk and turned out, perfectly smooth, *inside*. The chine is then cut and the bottom inserted, almost as quickly as we could describe the operation. Bails and ears of pails, and handles of tubs are cut and fastened, and wooden button-knob covers turned, before your eyes, with the most astonishing rapidity and precision. Indeed, the whole process is worth going fifty miles to witness. The Factory supplies

orders from all parts of the Union, as well as from France and England. It employs twenty-three hands, and turns out from eight hundred to a thousand dollars' worth of cedar-ware weekly. Its ware, at the Great Exhibition at New-York, took the first premium-medal; and it took the first premium-medal also at the Paris Exhibition, the last held; an elaborate and tasteful work of art, which we were permitted to examine. Orders were received at once from Paris from the samples sent out, which were in no respect different from those turned out every day. The samples attracted so much attention during the exhibition, and so great was the demand for a portion of them, that the agent was compelled to distribute them to different parties, to be placed in the Museum and Royal Garden of Paris. Our notice of this most interesting establishment is already somewhat extended: but we wish to add one more fact, in justice to the proprietors, who are as modest as they are energetic: the factory, with all its machinery, was a 'total loss' by fire, on the twenty-ninth day of July, 1854. In three months from that day, at a cost of ten thousand dollars, it was in complete running order, all its complicated new machinery at work 'like a house a-fire': no, not exactly *that*, either: for the new building is all of brick, and mainly fire-proof. 'Enough said, for the present, at least. - - - THE last number of that old and excellent bi-monthly, '*The Christian Examiner*,' is well filled with good articles; and among them is one which we think does no more than simple justice to DICKENS and THACKERAY, and their comparative literary merits. We subjoin a single passage:

'SINCE DICKENS and THACKERAY are often named together, though no two authors ever stood farther apart, we cannot resist the temptation to record our impression of some of the leading contrasts between them. Mr. DICKENS always keeps himself distinct from his characters, having his own way of speaking for himself, and endowing them with the peculiar forms of expression which belong to each. Mr. THACKERAY runs by the side of his men and women with his caustic remarks and his by-play. The former has a great literary plan, which he wishes to construct or evolve. The other has some pictures on hand which he is willing to show to the spectators. One, genial and glowing from a thousand vivid experiences, is perpetually surprising us with some delicate touch of common feeling, which opens the covered recesses of the past, and *thrills the very soul. The other, with slow sympathies, but intent on the business before him, like a hitter engaged at a bout with single-stick, or like a gazer after something ridiculous from his club-house windows — almost hides from us that there is such a thing as soul in man. One, full of natural affections, the tenderest, wisest, and most various, seeks in the wretched aspects of our race and world something to pity rather than to scorn. Believing, with SHAKESPEARE's Fifth HARRY, that

'THERE is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out,'

he addresses himself with an earnest heart to that wise and benevolent chemistry. The other picks open the fairest show of things to discover the ugliness within; and, professing to be an analyzer, would fain demonstrate some lurking elements of bitterness and pollution in the brightest waters. One, picturesque and impassioned, carries us away as much with his many-sided suggestions as with his affecting story, so that we pause every little while for fear of losing something, and often cannot read aloud without a tightening of the throat, or read in silence without a throbbing breast and a moistened eye. The other, coldly sarcastic or dismally jovial, has no more poetry, no more elevation or beauty in what accompanies his pieces, than there is in the subjects of them. One has an eye for all that is lovely and grand in nature, for all that is common and uncommon in the most familiar objects, and for all those subtle connections which they mysteriously hold with the thoughts and affections and lives of men. The other looks but at the downright thing before him, and a very mean and artificial thing it usually is. His stage has no scenery. One has enriched our literature with whole galleries of photographs that almost live upon the walls: sun-shadows of such tender

beauty as little PAUL and little NELL. But who cares to remember the figures which the other has dashed off by gas-light and in tobacco-smoke? Who could find any use in remembering them?

THE subjoined poem may strike some readers as not being entirely original. A greater mistake could not possibly be made. *We*, at least, have never seen any thing *like* it anywhere: and whoso *has*, let him point it out:

— ‘‘ PEARLS at random strung,
By future poets shall be sung.’

‘THE night has come, but not too soon :
Westward the star of empire takes its way :
Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon !
Blue spirits and white, black spirits and gray.

‘Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
Old CASPER’s work was done :
Piping on hollow reeds to his pent sheep,
Charge, CHESTER, charge ! On, STANLEY, on !

‘There was a sound of revelry by night,
On Linden when the sun was low :
A voice replied far up the height,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

‘What if a little rain should say,
I have not loved the world, nor the world me ;
Ah ! well a day !
Woodman, spare that tree !

‘My heart leaps up with joy to see
A primrose by the water’s brim :
ZACCHEUS, he did climb the tree ;
Few of our youth could cope with him.

‘The prayer of AJAX was for light,
The light that never was on sea or shore.
Pudding and beef make Britons fight
Never more !

‘Under a spreading chesnut-tree,
For hours thegither sat ;
I and my ANNABEL LEE :
A man’s a man for a’ that.

‘Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
In thunder, lightning, or in rain,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

‘Tell me not in mournful numbers,
The child is father of the man :
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
They can conquer who believe they can.

‘A change came o’er the spirit of my dream ;
Whatever is, is right ;
And things are not what they seem :
My native land, good night !’

Is n't that '*original?*' - - - 'PERHAPS, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER,' writes a town-correspondent, 'you don't set yourself up as a Postal Reformer.' (Well, we don't, but are 'strong for the good cause,' nevertheless.) 'But I can tell you that in the annals of the Post, there are not a few rich scenes that would be found quite equal to any thing told in the varied pages of 'Old KNICK.' JOHN C. RIVES is responsible for the following. He said that when AMOS KENDALL was Postmaster-General, he took a tour to the South and West, partly on private business, and partly to get the film off of his official optics, and see how postal matters were conducted. Of course he did not make himself known on every occasion, but he always looked on at every turn in his post-route, and sometimes he learned something. At one place in Mississippi he stopped, while travelling in the stage-coach, at a rather insignificant village, but where there was a 'distributing office' of some importance. No one knew that he was the Postmaster-General. The postmaster of the place was away from home, as he had been for some months, and the business of overhauling, sorting, and distributing Uncle SAM's mails was in the hands of a 'sub.' in the shape of an old negro woman. The post-office was kept in a pretty good-sized room, and on one side of it there was a heterogeneous mass that appeared something like a huge pile of mail-matter; and it looked, too, somewhat like a small tea-garden. There were papers, letters, large and small packages of books, etc., 'in huge confusion piled around.' The old black woman very deliberately unlocked the bags and emptied the contents out on the floor. AMOS looked on, and like SATAN marshaling his legions in Pandemonium, he 'admired.' The darkey, after emptying the contents of the bags in the 'pile,' commenced putting back, and in every pouch replaced a 'miscellaneous assortment.' The Postmaster-General had his eyes opened 'some,' and it occurred to him to ask 'AUNT' if she could read. 'Oh! no,' said she; 'but I puts back jest about as much as master used to!' As the critic said of MACREADY, when he asked the Danish courtier to play on the pipe, and the courtier took him at his word, and played Yankee Doodle! 'Phancy HAMLICK's feelinks!' Fancy old Amos! But his observations were not completed. There was an enormous pile of mail-matter that had been accumulating for months under the postal supervision of the sable 'sub.' It was after 'M. C.'s had learned the art of franking, and when their 'beloved constitooents' were in the habit of applying for seeds and other products at the agricultural bureau of the Patent-Office. The cucumber-seeds of those days were not *all* 'basswood,' as KENDALL can testify. The seeds in the moist, warm climate of Mississippi had germinated extensively, throughout this immense mass of 'mail-matter;' cabbages, beets, carrots, cauliflowers were there; potatoes had sprouted; while cucumber, pumpkin, and squash-vines had extended out of the heap, and run nearly across the room! It is supposed that the warmth of the political documents, stimulated by the fiery nature of Southern politicians, had added to, rather than subtracted from, the fertile nature of the postal compost! Capital: but if the public will only sustain the far-seeing and indefatigable Mr. PLINY MILES in his labors for '*Postal Reform*,' there will be an end to such, or kindred scenes: and of this same 'postal

reform' more anon. - - - 'I HAVE a modest friend in the western part of this State,' writes an obliging friend, 'and a lawyer, too, modest as he is, who now and then emits a literary spark from his brain-forg, solely for diversion. He has penned some capital verse-lines; and the following, which he wrote for the KNICKERBOCKER many years ago, have been deemed creditable enough to be attributed, by several newspapers, to LONGFELLOW. From simple justice to the writer, who would never dare to ask the correction himself, will you not republish the poem, with some typographical errors made right, and give the credit of it to G. H. McMASTERS, of Bath, Steuben county?' To be sure we will, and with pleasure. The lines were attributed to Mr. LONGFELLOW, in the printed copy from which we quote:

'In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not:
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot!
When the files
Of the Isles,
From the smoky night encampment,
Before the banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer,
Rolled the roll of the drummer
Through the morn.

'Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
While the balls whistled deadily,
And in flames flashing redly,
Blazed the fires.
As the swift
Billows drift,
Drove the dark battle-breakers
O'er the green sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder,
Cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracked amain!

'Then like smiths at their forges
Labored red St. GEORGE'S
Cannoniers.
And the villainous saltpetre
Rung a fierce, discordant metre,
Round our ears:
Like the roar
On a shore,
Rose the horse-guards' clangor,
As they rode in roaring anger
On our flanks;
And higher, higher, higher,
Burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

'Then the bare-headed colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud,
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud!
And the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets reddened
At the touch of the leaden
Rifle's breath!
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six-pounder
Hurling death!

Is n't that CAMPBELL-ish? - - - THE *Death of a Good Man* is recorded below. It was our pleasure to know him intimately for more than twenty years. And it is an exceeding gratification to us to be enabled to say, that from the first to the last, not one unkind, or the *shadow* of an unkind word or thought, ever passed between us. But who, how close soever his ties of business or relationship, *could* engender or retain one ill thought against a man whose whole life was a life of affection — whose inculcations and labors were inculcations and 'labors of love' — who literally and truly 'went about doing good?' It is justly said of him by Mr. BRYANT, in the *'Evening Post':*

'By the death of JOSEPH CURTIS the community has lost one of its most useful and beloved members. His activity of mind, which was extraordinary, was devoted to the noblest end — the good of his fellow-creatures — which may truly be said to have been the great object of his life. There was no humane and generous enterprise, whether it respected the physical or the moral welfare of his race, in which he did not take a deep

interest, and to which he did not give a cheerful and ready support. The practical cast of his mind made his counsels and his coöperation always desirable, and always effectual. He was one of the few persons we have known, whom age did not make less hopeful; whose enthusiasm in the cause of human improvement was not chilled and discouraged by the disappointments to which all human plans are subject. To him it never seemed as if any exertion in behalf of the best interests of society was wasted; and instead of praising the past at the expense of the present, as men at his time of life are apt to do, he dwelt with delight upon those respects in which society has improved, and always saw something in its present, compared with its former condition, on which to congratulate his friends. Of some of the principal events in this excellent man's life, the *New-York Times* gives this account:

'ANOTHER distinguished and venerable friend of education, Mr. JOSEPH CURTIS, died on Saturday, at twenty minutes to ten P.M., aged seventy-three years, six months, and seven days. He was a native of Newtown, Conn. He came to this city when sixteen years old, and has resided here ever since. He was an active member of the 'Manumission Society' in 1817, and received from the Society for his efforts in securing the passage of the Gradual Emancipation Act, two massive silver pitchers as a token of their appreciation. In this Society he was associated with PETER A. JAY, CADWALADER D. GOLDEN, and Mr. SCLOSSON. He was an active operator in the establishment of the Society for the Prevention of Vagrancy, and was the leading spirit in developing our House of Refuge—an institution of which, at the time, Europe had not the like. In 1820 he established the first Sabbath-school ever instituted for Free Blacks: it was at Flatbush, Long-Island. For twenty years of his prime he was an active fireman, and was the first to introduce the firemen's torch. He first introduced hose-carriages to our city. He, too, first proposed and secured the use of our present ventilators for sewers.

'For thirty-three years Mr. CURTIS was a trustee of the Public School Society. He stood by the side of DE WITT CLINTON in 1804, at the opening of No. 1, in Tryon-row, the first Free School in this country, and that one, it may be remarked, an African school. For twenty years back he was the man who always gave out the certificates of merit to scholars on examination days of the public schools. In 1853, when the Old Public School Society was merged in the present system, Mr. CURTIS was one of the fifteen Commissioners chosen to represent that Society in the Board of Education. In that capacity he secured universal respect and affectionate regard.

'On leaving the Board he was invited by a unanimous vote to continue his visits to the schools and to neglect no opportunity to make such suggestions, especially with regard to ventilation, heating, etc., as should occur to him. During the past winter, he has attended most of the school-examinations, and visited most of the evening-schools, and given much encouragement by his presence and his brief and pertinent remarks. The last time he was out he attended the school-exhibition in North-Moore-street, on Friday, April 4, and there made some very appropriate remarks, which we reported at the time. Two years ago Mr. and Mrs. CURTIS celebrated their golden wedding: Mrs. CURTIS survives her partner. One of their daughters is the wife of Mr. L. GAYLORD CLARK, of the *KNICKERBOCKER Magazine*: another is the widow of Mr. TELFAIR, deceased, formerly of New-Orleans. Another remains at home. Mr. JOSEPH CURTIS, Jr., of Hyde Park, is his only son.'

WE take from the same journal the subjoined account of the funeral of Mr. CURTIS:

'THE funeral services of Mr. JOSEPH CURTIS were attended yesterday. The immediate friends of the family, the members of the Common Council, and of the Board of Education, met at his late residence, where a prayer was offered. The body was then borne to All Souls' Church, by the following gentlemen: PETER COOPER, JAMES DE PRYSTER, LINUS W. STEVENS, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, S. S. RANDALL, ERASTUS C. BENEDICT, WM. H. NEILSON, ANDREW H. GREEN, DR. RABINAU, and WM. B. MURPHY.

'At the Church, a very large congregation had gathered: every seat was filled, and the aisles were crowded. A solemn piece of music was given by the organ. Rev. Dr. OSGOOD made the opening prayer. Rev. Dr. BELLOWES followed with a biographical sketch of the deceased, and a most happy analysis of his character. As to his religious character, he himself furnished the clue when on his death-bed: 'If any body asks, my children,' said he, 'what your father's religious opinions were, tell them they may be found in the sixth chapter and the eighth verse of the Prophet MICAH: *He hath showed thee, O man! what is good. And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*' These words Dr. BELLOWES took as the text of his discourse upon this occasion. . . . 'Will you love one another?' he said to his children when on his death-bed: 'there is no heaven but love.' After the services, the assembly defiled through the middle aisle toward the pulpit, in front of which the coffin stood, and then passed by the side-aisles to the church-doors. Hundreds were present who were attached to him by acts of kindness, and by whom he was equally loved and venerated.'

We understand that a biography of Mr. CURTIS, by Miss CATHERINE SEDGWICK, is in course of preparation for the press. - - - 'H. P. L.,' himself of late 'a-missing' in our pages, thus introduces a distinguished new contributor to the *KNICKERBOCKER*. We make instant place for the illus-

trious French exile: 'M. QUATREMÈRES DE SERIN has seen the KNICKER-BOCKER — has determined to contribute an article to its pages. For ten years, he assures me, he has applied himself to 'the Literature English.' Is not his progress astonishing? An exile from his country, solely on account of *la Politique*, he fled from Caen in France only to encounter worse K. N.'s in America: he feels it his duty to enlighten these latter: he writes an article on shirt-collars. M. QUATREMÈRES DE SERIN desires me to say that a friend revised the spelling in this article, but the grammatical construction, the idioms, are just as they came from his own pen. Shall we not congratulate M. SERIN on his success not only as a writer, but as a composer? What startling originality! — what observation! With what cheerfulness he 'condemns himself to write English!' M. QUATREMÈRE DE SERIN is an Artificial Philosopher: not a particle of any thing Natural about him, as he has been pleased to observe. I have introduced him. I beg leave to retire, congratulating you on your new acquaintance, and begging you will not forget the older one.'

'The Philosophy of Shirt-Collars.

—
'BY QUATREMÈRES DE SERIN.
—

'BYRON offered, how many pounds for an idea? By good chance for him I was not born at the time, else my IDEA would have won the prize: however, my *amour propre* would not have permitted me to accept hard pounds; these *soufflets* of fortune I despise. *Moi!* I write for the fame, not for the feed! Ah! yes; I forget I am not writing of myself — for I write in English — let us speak of collars.

'The Scoop-Dish. — He is before us: regard him! That stout neck with its rope veins, so sturdily planted on the shoulders; it has need of a cover to prevent the peaceable citizen from reading its owner's character in his — neck. He hastens to conceal it. See, he catches hold of a tin basin, cuts out a quarter of its rim, and speedily he has a pattern that will do for him to masquerade in. The back of his neck now presents the upright linen rising above his coat-collar; it comes forward of the ears; it is called the Scoop-Dish; is very starched, and has met with an embarrassment of success among these 'shoulder-hitters,' these butchers, these unclassical gladiators. Ah! these men with bullet-heads, sharp eyes, broad chests — see, their collars rise up like the combs of game-chickens; they are the fighting-cocks which give us 'the sport.' O my dear friend! the difficulties of the journalist! I but pick up my pen to designate an idea, and see, I meet a Scoop-Dish round the neck of a Quaker! What atrocity, *sac* — Ah! yes; I must not allow myself to be transported; I am writing English. I accost that Quaker excessively politely, and ask him why he sports the Scoop-Dish? Absolutely he is so good he is dumb. I light him up as to my meaning; he comprehends perfectly, and says the collars were of his brother who voyaged to California. 'Ah! my dear friend,' says I, 'was he not of the shoulder-hitters?' Then I have more still explanations to make, then he comprehends. 'True, brother JEMES was a hard boy,' he responds. Ah! see, am I not right again? The Scoop-Dish belongs to 'the sport.'

'The Roll-Over. — In old times the Roll-Over was BYRON-ical — how changed at this date! It will be ironical now to say so much of it; so much of those who employ it. But rest tranquil; it still displays the human nature far more than those beastly bumps of the head, which show nothing but hard knocks — that execrable belief of bumps! Ah! so well might one read this great country and its grand, furiously splendid Nature by those 'bumps,' those mounds in the valley Ohio! The poet, he wears the Roll-Over, because — ah! why? I ask one of them, a great one — I have confidence he is

great, he is so much dirty — and he answers: 'Roll-Over collars follow beauty's line, the arch! If you would wear them standing up, procure the starch!' He says 'starch' is the *argot*, I mean to say 'slang,' for money. For this reason, the want of starch, all great poets accustom themselves to the Roll-Overs. So, I see I make discoveries. I am encouraged: I shall proceed.

'The Knife-Blade. — There is your wealthy man, the banker; his collars come up straight under his ears, shooting in advance like a pen-knife excessively sharp; they recede behind till they are engulfed in the black cravat, that abyss of darkness. They are always scrupulously white, neat, clean. Ah! so that monster of a Vesuvius has the most beautiful flame of fire at his top, but who comprehends what is in his inwards, his interiors?

'The Beligieux. — Then those marvellously white, straight, precise collars of the ministers. Helas! I condemn myself to write English. Let us pass on.

'The Louis Napoleon. — The ribbon of paste-board collars that encircle so tightly the necks of those dear little *caniches* of the drawing-rooms, the foplings! For them a turning of the head is an impossibility, their voice is choked into an 'aw-aw;' this sound of junior jackasses is all they are allowed to utter. Let us leave them to sing execrably their own music.

'The Up-and-Down. — Well then, my dear friend, you have not seen them? You have not been in the country of Sundays, those charming days when the sun shines, and you can walk out without soiling your boots, and the small birds sing on the pump-handles? Go, then, and you will have great enjoyment — to get back in the city, my faith! I have been there myself, and seen these tall, serious, very much stiffened shirt-collars, and they were round the brown necks of great, strong, sober men, my faith! Not any one has more right to wear, to display so much of stiffness, for reason that they elevate the potato that causes this same starch. Now, you will know him the next time you meet this Up-and-Down collar.

'The Weak-in-the-Knees. — My patience suffers when I discourse of this subject. He has no enterprise; he comes at first out of the drawer in the morning, and he wears an air of grand promise, but he breaks it before an hour; he falls down on one side, he falls down on the other, he looks one week old in sixty minutes. He has no stamen, no starch! 'My friend,' said I one time to one who accustomed himself to this species of collar, 'why you invariably have such sickly collars?' 'Oh! ah! I never thought, but, oh! ah! the washer-woman does it!' 'My friend,' said I, 'just conscience! How many of the times does she bring to you such collars?' 'Always,' said he. My gracious! what stupidity. Then again, what use to complain? My friend was a Weak-in-the-Knees collar-man.

'The Horse-Collar. — In effect one would look at these 'jockeys,' these people of the race-course to find adorning them this style. Well, no; mostly have I noticed them round the throats of severe, quiet, stupendously deep 'coves' — the Professors. Ah! but I must temper this assertion by the specification of the kind of professors; it is so necessary among you good Americans, where talent is so very common. *Parbleu!* my barber is a professor with grand practice, lots of clients. To recommence: this collar belongs to college professors, men of the languages, sciences, mathematics, and its form constantly revives a memory of the *pons asinorum*, for so it is something like the figure of the upper part of that jackassy bridge. It sweeps round from the back part of the nape of the throat, till it ends in round corners very far ahead of the chin underneath. Of a Sunday morning it is as a general, clean and much upright. Alas! on a Wednesday following he looks like the tail of a rooster on a very rainy day. I fear greatly these wise men clothe their heads to the detriment of their bodies; certain of their ideas are excessively outrageous.

'The White-Awake. — In England they wished me to make purchase of a 'jolly little tile,' at a hatter's where I entered to get a traveller-hat. I inquire what name was be-

stowed on a very soft hat I wished to make the voyage to America in? And, my faith! the hatter called him 'Wide-Awake!' Ah! I purchased him; if he only had a handle, how useful he would be! For example: a collar goes with this 'tile,' a collar that fires up like a rocket, that flares out at the sides, that tolerates free motion of the head, that rises out of a flashy neckerchief, loosely tied. By gracious! you will see him on the race-course, at the combat of rats, the fight of dogs; he assists at those sparring-matches: he amuses himself mournfully!

'*The Responsible*. — I cast that word myself, and yet you shall know it when you see it; and you cannot help seeing it. He rises up round the head of the good man like Mont Blanc, so white, so straight up, so great of volume; he keeps the flies off the ears in summer; he shelters that firm, old head from the terrible winter wind. He seems to say: I run away from the rest of the linen, I go to climb up to the sky. Ah! my friend, you may confide in that collar; he has got 'the dimes,' he enjoys himself furiously.

'They are not all named; I know of a hundred still more collars. Before I was exiled — but the memory of Paris afflicts me to tears — I have remembrance of a shirt-collar magazine in Paris, where they exposed for sale one hundred and eighty-two different patterns! My faith! how many have they added since then? A kingdom, a republic, an empire; three different rules, three different schools of shirt-collars! The pen of the journalist backs out of the attempt to scratch down all these fancies for the neck! As we part off man into four classes — the nervous, the bilious, the sanguine, and the lymphatic — so do we also do for shirt-collars. By preference, I hate lymphatic collars without starch, but I adore the nervous that has starch; I tolerate the sanguine, too, that has even excessively much, but the bilious — ah! take him away! I encountered a Sioux warrior once, when I was up in the Far West; he had, on my honor, a tremendous sanguine shirt-collar on his neck, of grizzly bear-claws, and his squaw had on a bilious one of amber-beads. Taste has so many legs, and runs round in such singular customs! Show me a shirt-collar, and you may bet your life on it I demonstrate the wearer — his character, his habits, all the little vagaries of his disposition. Ah! *ma foi!* But I shall look over a Greek dictionary, find out a jaw-cracking word, and set up myself, QUATREMÈRES DE SERIN, for a Professor of the Philosophy of Collars, and as you good Americans say: 'Go him! Neck or nothing — shorter!''

Vive M. DE SERIN! - - - 'MISFORTUNES never come singly,' says the old proverb. Our friend and correspondent, 'J. C. M.'s loss of 'ROBERT-OF-LINCOLN,' so feelingly described in a late number, has been followed by that of another dear and cherished little favorite, as will be seen by the following:

'DEATH, cold and lonely! — thy frigid face is hateful!'

'ON a recent occasion in your pages I chronicled the sad tidings touching the death of a favorite bird of mine, ROBERT-OF-LINCOLN. Since Bob's demise, grief has taken abode in the heart of 'Madame GRISI,' who was his companion in *wires*, and teacher in song. She has, like the ancient Celts, sung the wild requiem of heart-grief till death, too, has winged *her* to spirit bird-land.

'What the 'Madame GRISI' was to the world in song; what pleasure she gave operaeffervescent sons and daughters of New-York; what sweet melody, admiration *she* created; such also was this 'Madame GRISI' to *her* circle of admiring hearers; and she too hailed from the sunny South, from the summer-perfumed Canary Isles, where she learned her soprano, contralto, alto, and trill in Nature's school, from Nature's MASTER, in freedom.

'At an early age she arrived and became 'naturalized' in this republic by a settled residence of seven years within a cage. And here she attempted in song 'Hail Columbia' and the 'Star-spangled Banner,' but, like many other foreign singers, found them

too hard, and failed. Some years since she received the name of *GRISI*, which we thought very significant of her extraordinary resemblance to that wondrous cantatrice of modern times. The general characteristics of her style as a singer were those of great brilliancy and exquisite purity. She had a matchless gift of enchanting and moving the heart by that divine and native simplicity which could only be reached by the consummation of both art and nature itself. She was exquisitely formed, and quite remarkable for beauty of plumage. At times she might betray some little vanity on that account: she was, however, free from any appearance of artistical pride.

'Her death was sudden and produced by grief, aggravated by a bronchial affection: while in the midst of a sweet *rôle*, she suddenly fell from her perch, gave up her song and bird-spirit, and was no more! Many of your literary friends knew her well, and often listened with delight to her warblings: among these none heard her with more attention and pleasure than Governor NICHOLS, who sends the following pleasing tribute to her worth. When we missed her from the place she so long had occupied, a gloom fell on the whole household, and tears were plentiful. Young and all were grieved for the loss of one so beloved.

'With sad hearts, my children buried her beneath the shade of the altheas, by the side of her friend and companion, ROBERT-OF-LINCOLN.

'Euphonium.

ON THE VERY SUDDEN DECEASE OF G. C. MORGAN'S MUSICAL CANARY,

'Madame Grisi.'

I.

'Spirits of music,
Sainted and blest,
Hail your sweet sister
Gone to her rest!

II.

'Withered the flower —
Music all mute!
Empty her bower —
Silent her lute!

III.

'Sweet was her music,
Poured on the gale;
Rainbows less lovely —
Scarcely less frail.

IV.

'Gay was her vesper —
Low the sun shone;
Seek her at morning —
Lo! she is gone!

V.

'Will she at noon-day,
Catch up her strain?
Welcome the morrow?
Never again!

VI.

'When in their slumbers
Loving eyes lay;
Angels of melody,
Called her away.

'Oak Cottage, April, 1856.

VII.

'There were the shining plumes,
There the sweet bill:
There was the little throat,
Voiceless and still!

VIII.

'Call for the matins
Of morn's early glow:
Call for the vesper-song?
Where are they now?

IX.

'Birds of the wild-wood,
On the spring's verge,
Sing for the lost one —
Anthem and dirge.

X.

'Mournfully — trillingly —
Softly and strong;
Rapture and cadence,
Echo and song.

XI.

'Harmony, rhapsody,
Melody clear;
Gayety, tenderness,
Once were all here!

XII.

'Spirits of melody,
Lovely and blest!
Welcome the songster
Home to her rest.

JAMES W. NICHOLS.'

What is the Spring-time without BIRDS? - - - We had the pleasure of listening to the first rehearsal-performance of the new opera, '*The North-River, or the First Run of Shad,*' at Cedar-Hill Cottage the other evening. It was, in

every way, 'a triumph,' and was so pronounced by every musical *savan* and amateur present. It seems invidious to particularize, where the excellence of execution was so general: but we should be doing injustice to our own impressions, did we not mention, with especial commendation, the '*Tromboni-Basso Solfeggi*,' (*S'fogato*, key of F sharp,) which so graphically depicted the '*First Run*.' It was a miracle of delicate instrumentation. The Trombone, in this instance, performed its perfect work. It was not merely a *sham* pretence of running the tube down the throat of the performer: he *did* it, and with an ease, a decision, a clearness, 'and so to speak,' a skill, which 'entranced all beholders.' The sounds came unencumbered from the very boots of the operator: and as the parlors were small, the mouth of the instrument was projected through a lattice upon the verandah: a thought of the artist, which we are not aware has ever before been carried out in any opera-house in this metropolis. It might well be imitated. There was an indistinctness, a *distance*, if we may make use of that expression, a faint dissolvingness, as it were, of sound, which conveyed the true shad-feeling to every by-stander. It is not for *us* to speak of a *solo* which (although indisposed, and our appearance pronounced 'imprudent' by our physician,) we nevertheless performed upon the '*Sicnette-à-Piston*,' in the last scene, descriptive of the '*Frying of the First Shad*.' Sudden and sparkling effects, however, *were* produced, which met with (to make use of perhaps too strong commendatory and eulogistic expressions of praise, applause, commendation and clapping,) an enlarged and extended burst of enthusiasm. We must review this opera in our next. - - - WELL: '*Plu-ri-Bus-tah*,' by the famous 'DOESTICKS,' 'leastways' *edited* by him, as the fashion is now-a-days; and a very amusing volume, whether regarded in a literarily-executive or pictorially-illustrative point of view, lies before us. DOESTICKS himself describes the work as 'an inconsistent, impracticable, irreconcilable, paradoxical, trochaical romance; with a couple of ridiculous heroes, whose existence is undeniable, and whose final departure was unintentionally tragic: also a batch of impossible heroines, created for this occasion only, and who are unceremoniously disposed of. The characters were imagined by DOESTICKS, by whom also the facts were invented, and the principal events fabricated.' The pictorial sketches are many of them — and their name is legion — irresistibly diverting; coming nothing short of similar drawings which once gave such fame to the petite processional pictures of PUNCH and his assembly, or conventional limnings in the same kind. These are 'by JOHN MCLENAN, who holds himself personally responsible therefor.' '*The Author's Apology*' is a little 'out of the common run' of such things. It is as follows:

'I REFUSE to apologise.

'When I began this work, I assumed the right to distort facts, to mutilate the records, to belie history, to outrage common-sense, and to speak as I should please, about all dignitaries, persons, places, and events, without the slightest regard for truth or probability.

'I have done it.

'I intended to compose a story without plot, plan, or regard for the rules of grammar.

'I have done it.

'I intended to write a poem in defiance of precedent, of prosody, and of the public.

'I have done it.

'I intended to upset all commonly-received ideas of chronology, and to transpose dates, periods, epochs and eras, to suit my own convenience.

'I have done it.

'I intended not only to make free with the heathen gods, and to introduce some of them into our modern 'Best Society,' but also to invent a mythology of my own, and get up home-made deities to suit myself.

'I have done it.

'I intended to slaughter the American Eagle, cut the throat of the Goddess of Liberty, annihilate the Yankee nation, and break things generally; and I flatter myself that—I have done it.

'If you are discontented with the story; if the beginning does not suit you; if the middle is not to your taste; if you are not pleased with the catastrophe; if you do n't like my disposition of the characters; if you find fault with my imaginative facts; if you think the poetry is n't genuine; if, in fact, you are dissatisfied with the performance, you had better go to the door-keeper and get your money back, for, I repeat it, I refuse to apologise.

'What are you going to do about it?'

UNDER the caption of 'O my UNCLE!' from 'HAMLET,' the author is introduced to the stage: 'Non-committal applause by the curious reader, who do n't know what to expect. Enter, to slow music, the author, sober and seedy. In the distance are seen the nine muses, smoking short pipes and eating pea-nuts. They encourage the bashful poet:' but he has very little to say, and nothing transpires concerning *him*, when out-speaks Mr. DOESTICKS:

'Should you ask *me* where I found it?

Found this song, perhaps so stupid,

Found this most abusive epic?

I should answer, I should tell you

That 'I found it at my Uncle's,'

'Number one, around the corner,'

In a paper, in a pocket,

In a coat, within a bundle,

Tied up, ticketed, and labelled,

Labelled by my careful 'Uncle;'

Placed within a cozy recess,

On a shelf behind a curtain.

Here I found this frantic poem;

And 'my Uncle, kind old 'Uncle,'

Told me that the hard-up author,

One day borrowed two-and-sixpence

On this coat, and on this bundle.

Months had flown, and still the author

Had n't yet redeemed his pledges,

Had n't paid the two-and-sixpence.

So 'my Uncle, dear old 'Uncle,'

Kind, accommodating 'Uncle,'

Sold to me this precious bundle,

And this poem lay within it.

'This is where I got this epic,

Epic pawned for two-and-sixpence.

But, where is the hard-up author?

Whether writing, whether starving,

Whether dead, or in the almshouse,

I do n't care — nor does the public.

'If, still further, you should ask me,

'Who is this dear noble 'Uncle;'

Tell us of this kind old 'Uncle;'

I should answer your inquiries

Straightway, in such words as follow:

'In the Bowery and in Broome street,

Neighbor to the fragrant gin-shop;

In a dark and lonesome cellar,

Dwells the Hebrew — dwells 'my Uncle.'

You can tell his habitation

By the golden balls before it.

'Here 'my Uncle, kind old 'Uncle,'

Dear, disinterested 'Uncle,'

Sits and sings his 'song of sixpence.'

'Sixpence here for every farthing,

Every farthing that I lend you

You shall soon return me sixpence;

And, that by the risk I lose not,

Ere I lend you dimes or dollars,

You shall leave a hundred values

Of the money which you borrow;

Which, if you do n't pay my sixpence,

Shall be forfeit then for ever.

Sixpence here for every farthing,

Every farthing pays me sixpence.'

'Here the painters bring their pictures,

Precious, beautiful creations;

Bring them to my kind old 'Uncle.'

He to cherish native talent,

And encourage home-bred genius,

Gives the artist, on his pictures,

Half the first cost of the canvas.

And the author takes his poem,

Which has cost him months of labor;

On which he has poured his life out —

Takes it to my kind old 'Uncle,'

Who, to cherish native talent,

Gives him what the ink has cost him,

What the ink with which he wrote it.

'But the poet and the painter

Are Americans, and natives

Of the land which leaves them beggars.

That's the reason why they're starving —

Why they need 'my Uncle's' sixpence.

This is how this naughty poem

Once was 'up a spout' in Broome-street:

This is all about 'my Uncle.'

Good-by, 'Uncle,' go to thunder.'

'Ye who love to scold your neighbors,

Love to magnify their follies,

Love to swell their faults and errors,

Love to laugh at other's dulness,

Making sport of other's failings —

Buy this modern Yankee fable;

Buy this song that's by no author.

'Ye, who love to laugh at nonsense,

Love the stilted lines of burlesque,
 Want to read a song historic,
 Want to read a song prophetic,
 Want to read a mixed-up story
 Full of facts and real transactions,
 Which you know are true and life-like —
 Also full of lies and fictions,
 Full of characters of fancy,
 And imaginary people,
 Buy this home-made Yankee fable;
 Buy this song that's by no author.
 'Ye who want to see policemen,
 Roman heroes, modern Bloomers,
 Heathen gods of every gender,
 News-boys, generals, apple-peddlers,
 Modern ghosts of ancient worthies,
 Editors, and Congress members,
 With their bowie-knives and horse-whips,
 Saints and scoundrels, Jews and Gentiles,
 Honest men of ancient fable,
 With historic modern villains,
 Jumbled up in dire confusion,
 Dove-tailed in, at once regardless
 Of all place or date or country;

Making such a curious legend
 As the world has never read of;
 Headless, tailless, soulless, senseless,
 Even authorless and foundling —
 Buy this modern Yankee fable;
 Buy this song that's by no author.
 'Ye, who sometimes in your rambles
 Through the alleys of the city,
 Where the smell of gas escaping,
 And the odors of the gutters,
 And the perfume of the garbage,
 And the fragrance of the mud-carts
 Don't remind you of the country,
 Or the redolence of roses;
 Pause by some neglected book-stall,
 For awhile to muse and ponder
 On the second-hand collection:
 If you find among the volumes,
 Disregarded, shabby volumes,
 One which answers to *our* title,
 Buy it here and read hereafter —
 Buy this modern Yankee fable;
 Buy this song that's by no author.'

We close (because we are obliged to) with '*A Single-Handed Game of Brag*,' which has one feature, common perhaps to rather *too* large a portion of the volume, a dash of satire which, rightly taken, will be found pungent enough:

'Long he toiled, with Peace to help him,
 In the dim and smoky work-shops,
 Oft he viewed his vast dominion;
 Striving for its best improvement,
 Having dotted all his country,
 Full of thriving towns and cities,
 He determined he would bind them
 Firm, with iron bands, together;
 Iron roads for iron horses,
 Iron bridges for his lightning
 Which should run on errands for him.
 He commenced his rail-road building —
 Building monstrous locomotives;
 Through his land, in all directions,
 Telegraphs and railroads made he,
 Leaving, in each distant corner,
 Some memento of the lessons
 And the wisdom Peace had taught him.
 'In the cities, Lathes and Foundries,
 In the villages, great Factories,

And the Press in every hamlet.
 By the streams, left spiteful Sawmills,
 By the roads, the Forge and Anvil,
 In the field, the Plough and Reaper,
 By the sea-shore, Ships and Steamboats,
 Wharves and Docks and sheltering Har-
 bors;
 Sending off huge fleets of shipping,
 Far away to every country,
 Far across the conquered ocean,
 Carrying to the world his boasting.
 This, his vegetable bragging,
 Which he o'er and o'er repeated,
 Oft, himself, his words encoring,
 Chuckling to himself with pleasure,
 Laughing with such vigorous pleasure,
 That he often tore his breeches.
 But of *this* he never wearied,
 Wearied of this classic sentence:
Plu-ri-bus-tah is some pumpkins!'

Let us say, before we leave this volume, that clever as it is in portions, we hope it may tempt nobody else to write any more imitations in the measure and manner of LONGFELLOW'S '*Hiawatha*.' The truth is, the whole thing has been woefully over-done: the attempts have multiplied *ad nauseam*. Some twenty or thirty are in our poetical port-folio at this moment; but 'JOHN PHENIX' and Mrs. SIGOURNEY have entirely 'satisfied the sentiment,' so far as our pages are concerned. PLU-RI-BUS-TAH'S portrait (a 'great head!') fronts the title-page to the quaintly-designed and excellently-printed typography. LIVERMORE AND RUDD, a new and very enterprising firm, at Number 310 Broadway, are the publishers. - - - 'WAY down in the pine-forests of Michigan,' writes friendly 'SQUIB,' 'they had a donation-party some four

weeks since; and by way of inducement for 'Young AMERICA' to 'patronize them,' notice was given that there would be a *ball*, the proceeds to be applied toward the 'support of the Gospel.' After *tea* the 'elect,' accompanied by the worthy minister, betook themselves to another house; while the fiddles, having been tuned up to 'muley-saw' pitch, led the young folks a merry dance, which continued until the female portion were obliged to have recourse to 'tired Nature's sweet restorer;' whereat, beds being scarce, and the proceeds of the evening rather smaller than was anticipated, a number of the 'masculines' wound up by playing *poker* until breakfast-time; the proceeds to be applied, after deducting 'current expenses' (principally consisting of whiskey and dough-nuts) to 'benefit of clergy.' O tempora! O *Moses*! So say *we*, if the story be veritable, as 'SQUIB' assures it *is*, in every particular. A bad precedent, which it is to be hoped may not *again* be followed any where *else*, 'way down in the forests of Michigan.' Such things 'cannot come to good.' - - - How forcibly comes to *us* an impression of the scene on board the '*Northerner*' on Lake Huron, in her collision at night with the '*Forest-Queen*!' Such a scene *might* have happened one dark night on the Huron, (in the neighborhood of Thunder-Bay,) to the old *Hendrick Hudson*, but for the watchful care of 'Capt. D. HOWE, Commander,' now deceased. Through the thick darkness, and amidst the rush of the ship and the roar of the waters, the CAPTAIN, as we were standing conversing together, suddenly started aside, ejaculating, 'What's that?' 'Amos!' he said to the pilot, 'How does she head?' 'No'th-east-be-No'th, half-No'th!' 'Give her a p'int *west*!' 'Ay, ay, Sir!' 'Handsomely.' 'Handsomely, Sir!' And the words were barely out of his mouth, before a huge steamer, lights flashing in the long cabin, and red lights burning aloft, swept by us so near that we might almost have jumped on board! We have often thought what a narrow escape was that from a grave in the deep, cold, blue waters of the Huron! - - - In an article in the April number of *BLACKWOOD*, entitled '*Scots Abroad*,' the writer speaks of 'our friend DEMPSTER, author of the '*Historia Literaria*.' BURNS also has

'DEMPSTER, a true-blue Scot, I'se warrant:'

But give us '*our friend DEMPSTER*,' the charming vocalist, who has lately been winning new laurels and crowded houses, at his concerts, with songs and ballads, new and old. It was well said of him, in a Washington journal: 'DEMPSTER is here! plain, honest, *direct* DEMPSTER: with his open face and beaming eyes, that have a heart back of each of them: with that inimitable enunciation and clear, silver voice, through which he sends a sentiment to your heart as directly and unerringly as a ball from a Minie rifle.' Another editor, elsewhere, remarks, with equal truth, that 'Mr. DEMPSTER's ballads do not excite stunning admiration, or pique our musical appreciation, or set us to criticising. But they go straight to the sweetest, quietest, holiest places of the heart; and the singer's triumph is evidenced by the swelling bosoms and the suffused eyes of his auditors. He makes us think of dear homes away by the lake-side, or in the green valley; of absent sisters and sainted mothers, and of that 'nearer one still and dearer one.' He wakes

up with fresh, tender, rectifying life, those best feelings of our nature which business and the harsh contacts of the outer life are so apt to deaden. DEMPSTER is a moral benefactor. The beauty of his art is the twin sister of religion. It is the music of love, and of the heart: music for prayer, for our friends, and for our children.' - - - Our friend DAVENPORT, the actor, (and an actor of great power and grace he is, too, who throws into his personations that naturalness and *abandon* which makes *him* seem the character he depicts,) sends us a couple of poetry-bills by a 'spoon' who called himself 'ADOLPH,' some years ago in Philadelphia — a kind of literary SHAKES, whom the wags of the theatre made great sport of. He wanted to produce a play of his own, but there was one objectionable stage-scene in it, it was thought! A fair specimen of his verse is afforded in his '*Song on a Paper Kite*,' in which we honor his choice of subject; for a boy's kite was always our *specialité*, and we suppose always will be:

'I do admire a paper kite
As I do a lady:
It is to me a pleasing sight,
When she flies so sweetly:

'The sweet bobs of a paper kite,
Often gave me pleasure:
It is a beautiful sight,
For the boys to endure.

'A kite may light upon a house,
Chance get fast to a tree:
The boy then tries his best and might,
And gains sweet liberty.

'He's pleased to find his kite not torn,
And takes another run!
The thread is drawn, his kite flies on,
Begone! consternation.'

The lines '*To Amanda H*——' are not without style, certainly; but we think in force and rhythm the lines above quoted will generally be considered as bearing away the palm:

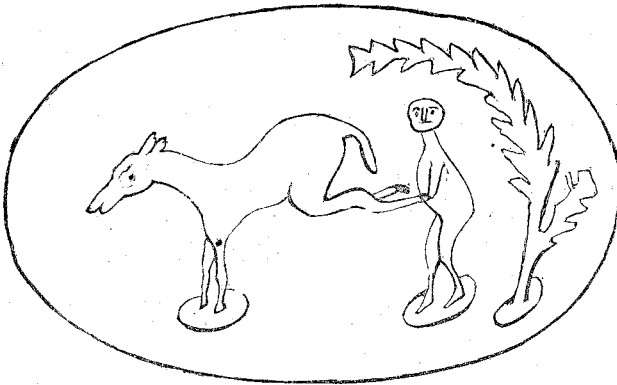
'Oh! that smile upon thy rosy cheek,
Seemed to me so fair!
Dear girl, like thy graceful form, so neat,
I'd share my kisses there.

'In Germantown township is thy home:
'Tis a good neighborhood:
Near a well of water, so well known,
With thee I one day stood.

'It was here I shar'd a fresh desire,
Near thy home, rejoicing:
The glass of water I did admire,
I drank all that was in it.'

'How hard it is to write good!' - - - The following *Illustrated Epitaph* has been sent to us by an old and cordial friend. It was copied, he states, from a tomb-stone near Williamsport, (Penn.) We have not the slightest doubt of it. No one can look upon that picture, without being convinced

that such a kick from such an animal *must* have proved fatal. There is some tautology in the epitaph, but the facts are interesting: for example, the circumstance of the deceased boy's being '*friendly* to his father and his mother.' The expression is strong, certainly; but tomb-stones justify a little extravagance of language:



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

HENRY HARRIS,

BORN June 27th, 1821, of HENRY HARRIS
and JANE his wife.

DIED on the 4th of May, 1837, by the kick of a colt
in his bowels.

Peaceable and quiet, a friend to
his Father and Mother, and respected
by all who knew him, and went
to the world where horses
do n't kick, where sorrows and weeping
is no more.

TAYLOR AND SHUCK.

TAYLOR AND SHUCK *sculpsit!* - - - THE following specimen of the '*Eloquence of the Bar*,' in a not-distant Western State, was actually delivered, as we know from a correspondent, as here reported in his notes. The case was the trial of a person on a writ of *inquiringendo lunatico*. Which side the 'learned' and eloquent advocate was on, it is somewhat difficult to ascertain from his speech: 'The counsel on the other side, Sir, misapprehends the principle involved in this important case. Law, Sir, is very simple, if we understand its elementary principles. The principle of this case, Sir, is to be found in the horn-books of the profession. I hold in my hand, Sir, a volume of BLACKSTONE, Sir, the great author of the English law: yes, Sir, I hold in my hand, Sir, that glorious *magnus chartus*, the foundation and bulwark of English liberty, which was wrung by the illustrious King JOHN, suward in hand, from the bloody Barons on the banks of the pleasant Bonnymede, on that momentuous occasion! But, Sir, I did not intend to make a speech, Sir, and as I have not examined the question, Sir, I submit it to the Court with these few and incongruvial remarks.' - - - MR. WRIGGLEWORTH (having just concluded his breakfast) breaks open a newly-arrived

letter, and reads: 'I hope, my dear boy, you have n't *eaten* any of the eggs my wife sent your'n, as by some unlucky mistake they prove to have been *snakes' eggs* which CHARLEY found in the barn!' Mr. WRIGGLEWORTH was 'not strong man to be *angry*—he was *s-i-c-k!*' - - - We are sorry that we have not the conclusion of our esteemed correspondent's letter from Niagara Falls, begun in our May number. As the season is at hand when pleasure travellers will begin to move, we would say to those who are thinking which way they will go, by no means omit Niagara, and if possible stay a while at the MONTEAGLE HOUSE, at the Rail-way Suspension Bridge; itself one of the greatest works of man, spanning and commanding one of the most sublime works of God. The MONTEAGLE is kept—and who can doubt that it will be *well* kept?—by our old friend GEORGE W. VESEY, late of the 'Atlantic,' Newport, and the 'Pavilion,' Rockaway, and MARK H. WOOSTER, formerly of our 'HOWARD Hotel.' After sojourning in this locality a week or more, if your time will permit, go down Lake Ontario in one of those beautiful steamers, and down the St. LAWRENCE through the Thousand Islands, and over the Rapids: stop a day or two at COLMAN'S in Montreal; then take a boat again to Quebec, where you can spend two or three days and enjoy a new pleasure every hour. Then go on board the boat for the Saguenay with Captain SIMARD, who will take you to where the mighty St. LAWRENCE becomes an arm of the sea; and then up that silent, grand, and solitary stream, whose banks will fill you with amazement and delight: then you may say you have seen the NE PLUS ULTRA of travel in that direction. If you will then return by Lake Champlain and Lake GEORGE, stopping at either of the two good houses of our friends SHERRILL and GALE, you will have made a tour that will be a 'memory of delight' to you while life shall last.

'Stoop down my thoughts that used to rise:
Converse awhile with DEATH:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.'

WE thought of these (at that moment awe-full) lines, when on the evening of the twenty-ninth day of March, we saw Mr. JAMES H. BENNOCH, at his residence in Piermont, draw his last breath. Almost day after day, we beheld his manly form and once beaming eye fading away before the insidious approaches of that 'Stern WARRIOR,' to whom every human being must at last surrender. Mr. BENNOCH was beloved by all who knew him *well*, and warmly esteemed by all who had only the pleasure of his acquaintance. His urbanity of manner, springing from a natural kindness of heart, made him many friends. 'As a husband and father,' says one who knew him well, 'he was always tender, indulgent, and kind; as a friend he was true, faithful, and sincere. Cut down by the Destroyer in the very zenith of his manhood, his memory will long remain fresh and green in the hearts of those who delighted in the enjoyment of his friendship.' Mr. BENNOCH was a near relative of Mr. FRANCIS BENNOCH, of London, the constant and generous friend of Miss MITFORD, to the day of her death; a man of fine literary tastes; and moreover a poet of no mean order. 'JAMES' sleeps with his little boy, in the plat he so

loved to ornament with his own hand, in the 'Rockland Cemetery:' and with him, as with the child, 'it is well!' - - - 'SECRETARY MARCY,' (said a certain Member of Congress who *shall* be nameless, to a certain correspondent of ours who *is* nameless,) 'is not only a distinguished statesman, but he loves humor, and is himself a wag of the first water. I had occasion to prefer a request to him for the appointment of a learned gentleman in some home or foreign office in his department. One after another the gentleman's credentials were opened: one setting forth his knowledge of Hebrew, another of Greek, a third of Latin, and so on, as letter after letter was examined, down to a perfect knowledge of all the modern languages. 'A most extra-*or*-dinary man!' said the Secretary, looking up from under his great shaggy, beetling eye-brows, and shoving up his spectacles upon his high, broad forehead: 'Why, Sir, that man *must have graduated at the Tower of Babel!*' That was an old linguist! - - - WE recollect being asked, on one occasion, several months ago, the following question: 'I see in your last number a notice of '*N. Dodge's Anti-choking Arch Valve Pump-Boxes*: Do you consider this a *literary* subject?' To which query, knowing how long and with how much patience this great and simple improvement had been wrought out, we replied: 'It may not be *literary*, but it is *humane*.' And now we see that it is so. Captains of the first ships that go out of our port testify to their *perfect working*: delivering, at all times, even in the most fearful gales, grain, chips, coal, dirt, etc., that would have choked any ordinary pump. Captains of our best ships, on voyages from New-York to California, Callao, Liverpool, Calcutta, etc., and back, attest in the strongest terms the preëminent superiority of these pump-boxes. The New-York Board of Underwriters, by a *unanimous* resolution, express the same opinion. 'The pumps gave out,' will be heard no more, in accounts of marine disasters, in any vessel in which N. Dodge's very powerful '*Anti-choking Arch Valves*' are employed. - - - 'You asked recently,' says an Orange county correspondent, 'whether, after all, LAW was n't an *exact science*?' In order to show you that you are quite right, I vouch for the following: Some two or three years ago, a vagabond Indian was arrested and imprisoned, to await his trial for the murder of one of his companions. His case was brought up in the United States District Court at Detroit, and on the trial it was proved most distinctly, that the prisoner was guilty; but it was deemed doubtful whether the murder was committed *within* or *over* the border of the Reservation: whereupon the question arose: 'Which power had a right to try the prisoner?—the State, or the United States Court?' As the matter could not be satisfactorily determined, rather than try him in the *wrong court*, they *liberated* him: and for aught I know to the contrary, he is still free!' - - - WHAT a rich harvest of goodness and worth has been gathered from our midst into the garner of DEATH since our last number was issued! JOSEPH McKEEN and JOSEPH CURTIS, kindred in their devotion to the great cause of education, sleep in their honored graves. The tongue of the eloquent OGDEN HOFFMAN is mute, and the eye whose glance could light up an assembly as by a flash, is dimmed for ever. And ROBERT KELLY, the fine scholar, the accomplished gentleman, the benevolent

public benefactor — *he* too is no more. All of these, with the exception of the first named, we knew well. Who that heard it can forget the eulogy which Mr. KELLY pronounced before the 'Century' upon the late DANIEL SEYMOUR? They were kindred spirits in life; and now 'in death they are not divided.' Ah! reader: 'DEATH is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later, stops at every man's door!' Is it not wise often to 'think on these things?' - - - We have received another admirable '*Letter from the Lake Shore*,' from our charming correspondent, 'J. K. L.,' which was only just a *little* too late for our present number. It will appear in our next. *Apropos* of this gifted and accomplished lady: we desire to call the attention of such of our town-readers as may drop in to see us at our publication-office, APPLETON's Building, to step up-stairs, 'first floor from the roof,' to Mr. JEROME THOMPSON's studio, and examine an exquisite female head, which he has just completed. It is most gracefully-disposed, and the coloring is in Mr. THOMPSON's *very* best manner. A little low-crowned, jaunty, 'love-of-a' gipsy straw-hat, from which flaunts a light waving plume, transparently shades the fair forehead, arched brows, and deep, dark-blue (by our Lady, they might be hazel!) eyes, leaving the correspondingly-beautiful features below bathed in a subdued and pleasant light. It is a picture which, even as a fancy-sketch, would delight a Paris print-publisher. We have not *said* of whom it was a portrait, observe, for that might be a liberty; but we *may* say, that the picture is not less free and graceful than the writings of its fair subject. '*Now* do you know?' We commend it to the attention of Mr. D'AVIGNON, the accomplished artist upon stone, as a most attractive picture to be added to his popular lithographs. He could not possibly do a better thing. - - - We find nothing to laugh at in the lines appended to a newspaper obituary notice of a little boy, sent us from Princeton, New-Jersey. The few errors of spelling are trivial; but the sad thought of the father, that he should 'hear no more upon the stairs' the 'tiny feet' of his little boy, nor the gentle rap of his small hand upon the door, is not a subject (we submit) to be made sport of. We have said as much once or twice heretofore. - - - A YEAR or so ago, while the Olean Air-line, Wide-gauge Rail-road, was in contemplation, an old Dutch farmer, residing near Galleon, Ohio, visited Bucyrus, and driving up to the hotel where he usually got his 'beverages' when in town, he was saluted by the hotel-keeper with: 'Good morning, neighbor: what's the news?' 'Oh! goot newsh, goot newsh for Galleon yet!' said the old Dutchman. 'Ah?—what *is* it?' asked BONIFACE. 'Oh!' replied the old 'Deitscher,' 'we're a-goin' to hav der Julyaun Rail-rodt, Air-tight line, mit a six foot gouge!' Is the size of that *gouge* out of character for rail-roads generally? Not for *some* of them it isn't, at any rate. - - - 'Do you know,' writes Meister KARL, 'who wrote that wild and wondrous '*Song of the Cholera*,' beginning:

'BREATHLESS the course of the Pale White Horse,
Bearing the ghastly form,' etc?'

We do not; yet we remember well the stirring lines. *Apropos* of the *cholera*: let us hope that, *should* it travel hitherward this summer, as is pre-

dicted, we may be better prepared for it than we are now. Our streets are in a sad condition to welcome such an awful visitant. Citizen GENIN should have been made Mayor or Street-Commissioner. His indefatigable perseverance and indomitable energy, already so effectually exhibited, would have given us cleaner streets, and averted pestilence. It will be his turn hereafter, or we shall 'lose our guess.' - - - 'I HEARD two 'nanekdoats' yesterday, which tickled me. Mayhap they have n't met your eye. A little girl, five years old, asked a younger sister to spell 'cat.' 'I can't do it,' she replied. 'Well, then,' said the elder, 'spell *kitten*!' — A Frenchman was tried for murdering his father and mother under very revolting circumstances; was found guilty; and finally brought up for sentence. The judge put the usual question, preliminary to sentence: 'Have you any thing to say?' etc. 'No, your honor,' was the reply; 'but I hope your honor will have mercy on a POOR ORPHAN!' Is n't that slightly *cool*, considering what it was that *made* him a 'poor orphan?' Good for (and from) 'BOB!' Let us hear from him again. - - - *The Rockland County Female Institute*, of which we have heretofore spoken, situated on a commanding eminence near the pleasant village of Nyack, is now completed. It has elected a President, and all the departments are approvingly filled. The course of instruction will be thorough. There will be three terms, of thirteen weeks each, per year. The Institute it is expected will be opened about the sixteenth of the present month. - - - WILL some of our correspondents, who are 'great on grammar,' please to peruse, parse, and enjoy the following advertisement? It is authentic:

Notice: City Marshal.

THE undersigned having been induced and led to the conclusion by his friends and connections, that it would be more beneficial to attend to his present occupation, and refrain from the present pursuance. So, therefore, at their request, I do exonerate and resign from the following proceeding; and wish Mr. HURLY a fair and successful pursuance, notwithstanding any favor I can do him, he is welcome to it in behalf of the present proceeding, if required.

Yours,

MICHAEL J. CONSIDINE.

Dubuque, March 14, 1856.

MICHAEL, it seems, was a candidate for the office of Marshal, but concluded to withdraw his name: and the above is his method of acquainting the public with the fact. He would have made a 'grand' Marshal, would n't he? His friends were quite right in giving his ambition a 'home-direction.' He had better continue his 'present pursuance.' - - - It would almost seem impossible for us ever to remember, until we are informed of it, when it is too late, that we are closing volume of the KNICKERBOCKER; a circumstance which always clips us out of four pages of fine-type matter. Now, here we are with the first half of the last form made up, when there comes us word: 'Remember that the title-page, copy-right, and index, are added this time.' And it is indeed so; so that we may send down to our friend SOMERVILLE, (that prince of tasteful New-York book-binders,) the complete numbers of the *Forty-Seventh* volume of the KNICKERBOCKER! 'How old TEMPUS do fugit!' as the editor of the 'Bunkumville Flagstaff' would say. It may perhaps seem to our readers that our Literary Notices, with their attendant

extracts, are quite voluminous enough as it is: yet in the omitted pages are notices of very many of the following works, not a few of which were found worthy of warm commendation: MRS. HEBER's *Memoirs of Bishop HEBER*: Two New Volumes by DE QUINCY: APPLETON's *Cyclopædia of Biography*: EWBANKS' *'Life in Brazil:'* MADAME PFEIFFER's *Second Voyage round the World*: DE WETT's *'Human Life,'* etc.: *'Wan-Bun, or Early Days in the North-West:'* *'Berenice:'* *'Poems by the Hermit of St. Eirene:'* DERBY's *Catholic Letters*: BROUGHAM's *'Irish Echoes:'* *'Rachel Gray:'* *'Ladies' Guide to Gentility:'* *'The Second Marriage:'* KINGSLEY's *Poems*: WHITTIER's *'Panorama, and Other Poems:'* DORR's *'Notes of Travel in the East:'* SUMNER's *Addresses and Speeches*: ABBIE NOTT, and *Other Knots:* *'The Angel in the House,'* etc.

THE following publications have been received: HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR's clearly-written, excellent, and comprehensive *'Lecture on the Topography and History of New-York:'* *'The 'North-American Review' for April:* *'The Princeton Review and Repertory' for April:* *'New-York State Library Report:'* BILLINGS' *'Address before the San-Francisco Orphan Asylum,'* (admirably written, and most tastefully printed:) Virginia *'Quarterly Law-Journal' for April:* The *'American Journal of Education,'* (most ably edited by HENRY BARNARD, LL.D., and now published bi-monthly at Hartford, Conn.): *'The Illinois Teacher' for April:* DICKENS' *'Household Words:'* *'Oration and Poem before the Delta Kappa Epsilon' at Washington City:* SPALDING's *'Address before the Pittsfield Young Ladies' Institute:'* *'Sketches of the City of Detroit, Past and Present:'* HALSTED's *'Demon of the Age:'* with some other brief publications, of which we cannot take present notice.

FINE ARTS. — It has been our purpose for some time past to call the attention of our readers to the improvements in *'sun-pictures,'* constantly being introduced by BRADY at his splendid National Gallery, No. 359 Broadway. He is constantly producing pictures which possess every quality that constitutes works of high art. Bringing to bear all the facilities of chemistry, the choicest materials, the most scientifically-constructed *'operating rooms,'* Mr. BRADY throws over the whole the charm that grows out of a highly-cultivated mind, enlightened by an intimate acquaintance with, and the sympathy of, the best artists of the country, and the most careful study of art associations in Europe. The consequence is, that a sitter to Mr. BRADY secures not only the best possible picture, so far as mechanism and choice materials are concerned, but also is disposed of in the picture, in the attitude and style best calculated to give a favorable likeness, and secure in the general design a perfect daguerreotype. To such an extent has this gentleman brought this indescribable charm, that recently many of his single figures and groups of figures have been engraved, and elicited enthusiastic commendation for their masterly disposition, seeming to have been copied from carefully-studied paintings rather than from creations of *'instant art.'* Under his new style of *Ambrotypes*, which he has brought to unrivalled perfection, his triumphs are perhaps more extraordinary than even those achieved upon the metal plates. Under all circumstances, our citizens and visitors to our city from abroad, lose a rare intellectual treat if they do not visit Mr. BRADY's gallery, and witness for themselves the many attractions which adorn his walls. To this gentleman the nation is indebted for his magnificent conception of a *'National Gallery,'* which has secured to the present and future generations, correct likenesses of our heroes, authors, artists, statesmen, merchants, clergymen, and

others in whom the country take an interest; and the gallery alone, without any of the other multiplied attractions, is well worthy of the attention of all who take an interest in the advancement of whatever adorns our country, and elevates its intellectual character.

New Publications: Art-Notices, &c.

LOSSING'S NATIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, with the 'Lives of the PRESIDENTS,' by the late EDWIN WILLIAMS, is a very valuable work, published by Mr. EDWARD WALKER, of which Mr. CHARLES T. EVANS is the General Agent. All who have read Mr. LOSSING's great work, the '*Field-Book of the Revolution*,' (volumes of great value, which will constantly increase,) will have no cause to doubt the faithfulness with which his task has been performed. Few Americans but will know, that Mr. WILLIAMS was equally reliable as a collector and investigator of historical facts. Mr. LOSSING has furnished 'a rapid sketch of the history of the colonies prior to the Revolution, and a copious and well-digested narrative of the War of Independence. His contributions to the work also embrace an account of the great national establishments, including the public buildings at Washington, the Military Academy at West-Point, and the various custom-houses, mints, navy-yards, and forts of the United States. The 'Lives of the PRESIDENTS' from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the present time are given by Mr. WILLIAMS, together with a great variety of historical and statistical documents, embodying much valuable information for the student of American politics. The work is illustrated by numerous engravings, representing scenes of historical interest, and several public establishments, with the portraits of the different PRESIDENTS. We know of no single work which comprises so great an amount of historical materials concerning the United States as is crowded into these volumes.'

'THE ATTACHE IN MADRID.' — This book, from the APPLETONS, presents a vivid picture of Spain and the Spaniards: 'The author possesses the necessary qualifications for the production of such a work. The Spaniards are a proud people; proud of their country and history; proud of their traditions and poetry; proud of their old romances and chivalry; proud of their churches and their religion; and proud of their manners and habits. With such a nation the *Attaché* could feel a deep and sincere sympathy. He was not so materialistic as to be haunted by the ghost of a ten-cent piece in the Palace of the Escorial. He saw every thing, from the private levee to the public bull-fight; from the moon-light dance of Manolas to the regal balls of the Duchess D'ALVA; from the needle-work of the Spanish maiden to the glorious paintings of TITIAN, VELASQUEZ, and MURILLO; and he has put upon paper all that was worthy of record, which came under his notice. But this is not all. He has given us a kind of political history of modern Spain. His book will make Spanish politics, and Spanish partisanship, as familiar to the American reader as the conchology of his own 'Hards' and 'Softs.' The account given of M. SOULE's diplomacy, of his heroism, is not the least interesting chapter in the work; and the description of the Revolution of 1848, and of the flight of Queen CHRISTINA and of the San Luis Cabinet, is graphic, instructive, and interesting. It is evident that the relations of the author at the Spanish Court were at once delicate and intimate.'

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. — We are not critics after the manner of those who discuss alto, soprano, and every gradation of sound, from crotchets to the sixteenth part of a demi-semi-quaver; but we know the music we love, and we have some appreciation of the wondrous execution of those whose fingers dash over the keys like lightning over the forest-tops. If we had any idea of learning to play, we should give it up, after seeing GOTTSCHALK, to say nothing of hearing him. We should think it would eradicate

all conceit from the minds of embryo performers, to sit one evening amid the thrilling echoes which are awakened by his magic touch. Surely there is nothing in the feats of jugglers to compare with what he performs, considered as merely mechanical operations; and there can be no changes rung on C, D, E, F, G, A, B, which he does not produce. Every combination of which music is capable he combines, and delights us with the harmonies of earth and 'the music of all the spheres.' Of his peculiar style, of his merits as a scientific composer, or as compared with the great masters of the German, French, and Italian schools, we do not pretend to judge, but we have heard those who are familiar with all Europe, and all her musicians, say, GOTTSCHALK is destined to rival the greatest.

America is certainly beginning to appreciate the arts, and encourage her artists; and among the most gratifying proofs of her progress, is the composition and successful introduction of *La Spia*, an opera entirely American, with patriotism for its inspiring theme; and we hope one of the effects will be to attract an American audience, from a class that has kept aloof from performances which were not only in a foreign language, but exhibited foreign manners and foreign scenery, and kept us constantly amid all the pomp and pageantry of courts. The most constant attendants of the Opera we presume will be those who least appreciate the story and sentiment of *La Spia*; but there are multitudes in New-York and Boston and Philadelphia, who would fully appreciate the music, but would have no sympathy with the story and the *grand passion* peculiar to Italian representations. Let them now lend their influence to the effort being made to *republicanize* the stage, and purify it from maudlin sentiment and revolting familiarities. Here is an opera where we may enjoy all that is beautiful and noble and grand in music, without being called to witness any thing exceptionable in the eyes of the most fastidious. Ministers may go without disguise, and no lady need blush to confess she has been, night after night, to hear *The Spy*. The story is from COOPER's novel; and honest HARVEY BIRCH is the hero, and sufficiently familiar to all readers of American history to secure interest and enthusiastic applause.

'LAURA KEENE and her Varieties,' do not properly come under the head of 'Music and Musicians,' though we are favored with some good singing as one *variation*; but we cannot forbear expressing the pleasure we have experienced in partaking the good things she provides for us. In the plays she is the principal attraction, and attracts principally by her utter forgetfulness of self, and complete identification with the characters she personates. Miss REIGNOLDS, in whatever disguise she appears, is so painfully conscious that she is Miss REIGNOLDS, and so desirous to secure admiration for herself, that she fails in every attempt to represent others. She is a very good-looking woman, but not a good actress.

The '*Varieties*' tableaux, etc., are usually well *got up*, and accomplish well their purpose, the purpose for which most people go to the theatre — to be amused; and if they have a good laugh, they are sure to think they have been amused. The young lady who sings has a fine voice, which she manages very well; but her dress is too thoroughly *Bloomer* even for the stage.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. — As we write, the indomitable MARETZKE, the 'NAPOLKON of Managers,' is just closing a brief but very successful season at the ACADEMY. The frequenters of this delightful entertainment will share in our regret at parting, even for a time, with LAGRANGE, and other of the corps. We hope to see them in renewed health after the summer shall have passed away.

GOTTSCHALK, the great American Pianist, has given a series of concerts at DODWORTH'S Hall, which is not half large enough to hold the crowds who rush to see him.

WE have received from Mr. HORACE WATERS a number of his latest musical issues. We have only space left to say, that persons in want of the best instruments and the best music, will find at his store, Number 333 Broadway, every thing of the latest and best in his line.